

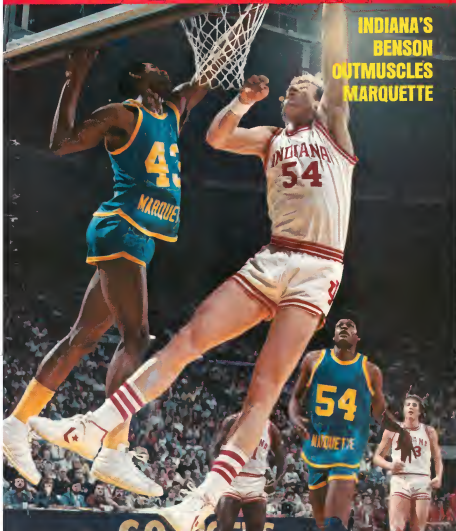
NCAA PLAYOFFS

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 29, 1976

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BENSON
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Next Week

FILLUP IN PHILLY is the NCAA basketball championships, a Bicentennial bash in which UCLA, Michigan, Indiana and Rutgers battle for the title. **Berry McDermott** reports the season's climax.

STUDENT-ATHLETE is a term much bandied about, but how well do sports and studies mix, do jocks fit in to college life? **John Underwood** takes an on-campus look at a Missouri basketball star.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

CANADIAN CAPERS

The Olympic fuss and bother in Montreal, particularly the prospect of temporary restroom facilities for the competitors, has led Canadian newspapers to publish the following ditty, to be sung to the tune of *A Bicycle Built for Two*: "Athletes, athletes, give us your answer, do/We've gone bankrupt, building a site for you/It won't be a stylish summer/We can't afford a plumber/But you'll look sweet upon the seat/Of a portable built for two."

FUTURE IMPERFECT

However makeshift, the Olympics will take place in Montreal this summer and, barring disaster, will occur as scheduled in Moscow in 1980. But after that? Quebec Finance Minister Raymond Gagneau says the deficit for the Montreal Games could reach \$900 million, a figure that may be better understood if one recalls that the extravagant Louisiana Superdome cost less than one-fifth of that amount.

Don Canham, the always outspoken and frequently controversial athletic director of the University of Michigan, declares, "If changes aren't made, the Games will collapse under their own weight. When Russia puts them on, it may be the last time for the Olympics as we've known them. Who else can afford them?"

Canham insists the only hope for survival is for the International Olympic Committee to accept the radical suggestion that the Games be split up—the various competitions held in different sites—with every effort made to put a sport in a place where it is locally popular and where facilities for it already exist. For instance, if the 1984 Olympics were given to the U.S., Canham would have no hesitation in assigning track and field to Los Angeles, basketball to New York, swimming to Florida, gymnastics to Penn State, sailing to Newport, R.I., rowing to the Detroit River, boxing to Chicago, and so on.

Critics say this fragmentation would destroy the special quality of the Olympics, would do away with such spectacles as the opening and closing ceremonies. Canham claims that similar, smaller ceremonies at the various sites could still have great impact. To those who say that press and television coverage of the Games would suffer if the events were spread around, Canham argues, "But that's exactly what happens now, with everything in one city. Too much is going on at the same time. You can't see everything. The press can't cover all the events. Television has to jump around. If the Games were held in different sites, they could be far more effective."

WORDS TO PLAY BY

All sports fans are well aware of the penchant among headline writers and sports broadcasters for avoiding, as though obscene, good solid verbs like "beat" and "defeat" and substituting instead a variety of synonyms. You know the ones: nip, top, trim, trounce, down, edge, whip, whomp, clobber, crush... the list is endless. NBC sportscaster Nat Ash, a notable practitioner of the art, can go through 20 or 30 scores in a broadcast without repeating a verb. He has fun with some—the Phoenix Suns "tanned" an opponent recently—and several weeks ago reached new heights when he had the Houston Aeros "sucking and pillaging" the New England Whalers 5-2. Of course, when you sack and pillage somebody, you really ought to win by more than 5-2. Somebody must have been underplundering.

DAWN OF HISTORY

During baseball's continuing hassle between players and owners, the latter gave the impression that the reserve clause had been an integral, immutable part of professional baseball since the dawn of man. But now A. G. Spalding, the sporting goods company, which is celebrating its 100th birthday this year, has reissued a copy of the rules of baseball for 1876,

the year major league baseball began. There, under Article XI, Section 1, is a passage that says, "No club shall be prevented from contracting with a player for the reason that he is already under contract with another club: *Provided*, The service to be rendered under the second contract is not to begin until the expiration of the first contract."

There is another passage of interest in Article VIII, Section 4, which deals with the arbitration of disputes: "A majority of the arbitrators shall determine the cause," it says, "and from their finding there shall be no appeal."

READING YOUR WAY TO SUCCESS

As any horse-racing fan whose interest in the sport goes back as far as the 1957 Kentucky Derby can testify, even jockeys as expert as Willie Shoemaker sometimes have trouble spotting the finish line. The problem has been especially bothersome this year at Gulfstream Park,



where jockeys have been complaining that the finish, though readily apparent to fans sitting in the stands, was hard to see from the back of a horse approaching it at close to 40 mph down the stretch. So the Gulfstream management has now adorned the pole at the finish line with a red circle enclosing white lettering that says THE END.

One member of the track's publicity staff suggested that if the jockeys need that much help, why not give them more? He proposed a series of signs, something like those old Burma Shave roadside advertisements, that would say, in succession, GETTING CLOSE, COMING UP,

continued

WATCH OUT NOW! And then, after THE END, another series saying IT'S OVER, HEY, NO MORE, SO STOP ALREADY!

Taken with the idea, Turf Writer Art Grace of the *Miami News* thought up one more sign, this one a tribute to the overwhelming ability of Honest Pleasure, the winter-book favorite for the Derby who won the Flamingo by 11 lengths. Grace suggests a message at the 16th pole, which is more than the length of a football field from the finish line, saying, IF YOU WERE ON HONEST PLEASURE, YOU'D BE HOME NOW.

WINNING NUMBERS

Speaking of Honest Pleasure and future betting, the Churchill Downs Race and Sports Book in Las Vegas has made that fine colt a rock-solid 8-to-5 favorite for the Derby. Not very appealing odds, at first glance, but if Honest Pleasure holds his form until May 1, Derby Day, he is almost certain to go off at odds-on, and an 8-to-5 bet will seem like a steal.

Those who want the promise of a more substantial return for their money will go for the 6-to-1 odds Las Vegas is offering on Telly Savalas' outstanding runner, Telly's Pop, the California favorite. Everything else is a long shot, from An Act (10 to 1), the undefeated Zen (10 to 1), and Bold Forbes (11 to 1) to the darkest of dark horses, Noble Envoy and Man O' Work, each a cool 2,000 to 1.

REAL GONE

Among those afflicted with the craze for citizens' band radio (page 36) is the Philadelphia Phillies' second baseman, Dave Cash, who had a CB unit installed in his car before he left for Florida and—at long last—spring training. Cash was fascinated by the special jargon of the CBers—such as "Smokes" for police, "Green Stamps" for money (especially money needed to pay speeding fines) and "taking pictures" for police radar coverage. "Once," Cash says, "I heard a guy say, 'This is that Kentucky Colonel one time. I'm shouting for that Baseball Player, come on.' When I answered, he said, 'There's a Smokey near that underpass. Hey, Baseball Player, that Smokey's getting ready to take your picture. Better back it down to a double nickel [55 mph].' When he signed off he said, 'It's been a pleasure modulating with you. Keep the Smokeys off your back and the Green Stamps in your pocket. I'm south-

bound and down 10-77 [negative contact]. I'm gone.'"

The new hobby evokes feelings of an imaginary contract talk on CB between Cash, as yet unsigned, and Philadelphia General Manager Paul Owens. "This is that Pope Paul one time," the theoretical discussion begins. "I'm shouting for that Baseball Player, come on. Hey, Baseball Player, I'm hauling a heavy load this trip. You got to stop tailgating me."

"I got you coming loud and clear, Pope Paul," is Cash's supposed response. "But listen, I got to have some big Green Stamps in my pocket this trip. Or I'm outbound and down 10-77. I'm gone."

It wouldn't be the craziest thing that has happened in baseball this spring.

WOMEN DRIVERS

Arlene Hiss' well-publicized debut in big-time auto racing, when she finished last among the 14 cars completing the Jimmy Bryan 150 at Phoenix, has moved some drivers to talk of boycotting the Trenton 200 on April 25 if she is allowed to race in it.

"There was quite a bit of concern over her performance at Phoenix," says Jack Martin, director of public affairs for the U.S. Auto Club. "Dick King, director of competition, will have to decide whether she can drive at Trenton. We have had cases where drivers have been asked to get more experience. The late Eddie Sachs was one."

"The new superchauvinists are the ones making the flak," complains Mrs. Hiss. "They don't want a woman in the race."

Most of the drivers at Phoenix criticized her. "She was in the way all day," says winner Bobby Unser. "She was a hazard," says Pancho Carter. "She almost put me in the third-turn fence late in the race." Bill Vukovich, who did not qualify at Phoenix, says, "She has no business out there. She's going to hurt somebody if they let her keep driving." Gary Bettenhausen says, "Neither she nor any woman can handle the sport physically. She says she didn't get tired at Phoenix, and I agree. It's pretty tough to get tired going as slow as she was."

On the other hand, Johnny Rutherford says, "I'd rather have her out there than a couple of guys I can think of. At least she keeps in a straight line."

Hiss, who has a conditional USAC license, could be eligible for the Indian-

apolis 500. "She's been fast in practice," a USAC official says, "and she's been racing for 14 years. Of course, the cars she's been driving are not as powerful as the Indianapolis type."

A second woman, Janet Guthrie, a 13-year veteran of the sports-car circuit who holds an international license, has already been nominated to drive in the 500 by owner-builder Rolla Vollstedt. Guthrie recently told reporters in Indianapolis, "I'm not here to prove a point. I'm in racing because I love it. I think it's high time a woman raced at Indy, and I have the background and experience to handle it."

MONSTER INSURANCE

In a way, it would be a terrible shame if the existence of the Loch Ness monster was ever proved or disproved. Just think of all those charmingly speculative stories that would be absent from the *London Times*. Now comes word that an enterprising Inverness boat company is offering insurance against possible attack by Nessie. Jacobite Cruises, which runs two boats on Loch Ness, admits an onslaught by Nessie is improbable. "But," says a spokesman, "we are also covered if there is a regular accident."

THEY SAID IT

- Rick Dudley, of the WHA's Cincinnati Stingers, after his face and Gordie Howe's stick collided: "It made me mad. But what are you going to do? If I fought him and won, I'd look like an idiot for beating up a 47-year-old man. If he'd beaten me, I'd look like more of an idiot for losing."

- Chris Dundee, boxing promoter: "Middle age is when you start for home about the same time you used to start for somewhere else."

- Bob Prince, ABC-TV baseball broadcaster, explaining why he turned down an announcing job with the Padres: "In San Diego you have the Pacific Ocean to the west, Mexico to the south, the desert to the east, and Vin Scully to the north."

- George Foreman, signing for a rematch with Joe Frazier: "One thing I do suffer from is overconfidence. It's something I'm working on."

- Dick Anderson of the Miami Dolphins, on being named president of the NFL Players Association: "I need this like I need another knee operation." **END**

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FOUR HEADS, ONE CROWN

With the battles royal of the regionals behind them, Indiana, UCLA, Michigan and Rutgers joust to see who will be king of the court

by BARRY McDERMOTT

Down on the bayous of Louisiana, Indiana won the tough Midwest Regional last week and in so doing proved it can play more than one kind of basketball. First the Hoosiers choked off Alabama with defense, keeping the talented Leon Douglas in check; then they used precise gunnery to riddle No. 2-ranked Marquette. The undefeated Hoosiers move into the NCAA finals at Philadelphia this Saturday armed not only with prestige but also with the comforting knowledge that they already have beaten two of the other teams, UCLA once (badly) and Michigan twice (narrowly). The other member of the elite group, Rutgers, is undefeated, but then Indiana has not had the pleasure of its acquaintance.

The Midwest was by far the strongest of the NCAA's four regionals, and Indiana fans could be forgiven for thinking the draw was rigged against their team. But the Hoosiers were equal to it. In the first game they changed their style but not their philosophy, shifting the thrust of their crabby defense from the perimeters to the middle to beat Alabama, the Southeastern champion, 74-69 on Thursday night. They doused Marquette's title hopes 65-56 in the Saturday afternoon final.

Both games followed the same pattern. In each Indiana broke on top and led most of the way although its stars were in foul trouble: Kent Benson against Alabama, Scott May against Marquette.

Whenever the opposition mounted challenges there was the underlying feeling that nothing would really come of them. Indiana was a team that would not beat itself.

Neither Alabama nor Marquette could penetrate this aura of invincibility. On Thursday night the Tide had the ball and a chance at possible victory during the waning moments, yet never even got off a shot. Marquette disintegrated in the second half, frustrated and fragmented by Indiana's ability to forestall whatever stratagem the Warriors tried.

Marquette was also damaged when Coach Al McGuire, bickering with the officials, was twice hit with technical fouls. The first laid open his team's chest, the second tore out its heart.

With 12:34 remaining and the score 48-41 Indiana, McGuire berated Referee Jack Ditty and kicked the scorer's table. Indiana converted the ensuing technical and, of course, had possession of the ball. Slowing the pace, the Hoosiers spread the court and forced the Warriors from the protective crouch of their zone defense.

Even so, Marquette clawed back. With 25 seconds remaining and losing by only three points, McGuire begged for another T and got it, which is about as sensible as insulting your boss. Marquette did not even get severance pay. Indiana scored eight points in the final seconds, and at the game's conclusion Coach Bobby Knight, a renowned noncelebrant, was jumping and waving his arms like a

third-base coach at a Little League game.

In the first game, Alabama loomed as a definite threat. Its big man, Douglas, was fresh from dismantling North Carolina and Mitch Kupchak's reputation, and the Crimson Tide looked bigger and faster at almost every position. "We might be the first team that has matched up against Indiana so well," said Assistant Coach Wendell Hudson. "And we're going to be motivated."

What happened was that the Hoosiers shucked their hounding defense, the one that sometimes reduces even the best ballhandlers to bobbling idiots, and fell back into the middle. Indiana installed the honor system, allowing Alabama's guards free access and open shots while turning Douglas into a facsimile of a park statue covered with pigeons. The Crimson Tide hit only 33% from the floor in the opening half, and Indiana mounted leads of 12 points in the first half and 12 again with six minutes gone in the second.

Despite his size (6'11", 245 pounds) and strength, Benson has not fouled out of a game this year, but with 13:23 left he picked up his fourth and was replaced. By the time he returned six minutes later, the Tide was only four points back.

The game's key play occurred with 5:11 remaining and the score 67-65. Douglas wound up on the front end of a fast break, with Benson looming before him. Leon put down his head, Benson put down his shoulder and Referee Book Turner, upcourt and nearer to the dressing rooms than the play, raised his arm. The verdict: charging foul on Douglas, reprieve for Benson and no joy in Tuscaloosa.

Freshman Keith McCord gave Bama a short-lived 69-68 lead just under the four-minute mark, but that was all the

continued

May scored 25 against Alabama, including two that put the Hoosiers ahead at the end.



points the Tide would get. May hit a clutch jumper with two minutes remaining to put the Hoosiers ahead to stay, and four free throws ended the scoring. Perhaps frustrated by his constant harassment, Douglas missed two free throws and put up a couple of shots that threatened the safety of the shatterproof backboard. McCord stumbled away Alabama's final chance with an awkward turnover, and that was that. "We prepared for them to play us one way and they played us another," moaned the losers' Anthony Murray.

That set up the much-anticipated showdown between Indiana and Marquette, which was fortunate to get by Western Michigan in its opener, winning 62-57. The Hoosiers ate up the Marquette defense from the start, hitting eight of their first 10 shots and 14 of 18 for a 30-19 lead. "They say you can zone them, but when we do they make everything anyway," Marquette's Lloyd Walton said later. Indiana's stellar shooting cushioned the loss of May, who was benched with three fouls in the first seven minutes. Sitting there, he thought back to last year when he was idled with a broken arm while Indiana lost to Kentucky in regional play. "Here I am again," he muttered.

Butch Lee put Marquette on top by 37-36 shortly after the start of the sec-

ond half, but then May went back to work. Knight said afterward that the game was decided when Marquette failed to take maximum advantage of May's absence. The agile forward rammed in three straight jump shots and Indiana was around the corner. When McGuire picked up his first technical, the Hoosiers were down the street and out of range. Said McGuire later, "The next time we come to a tournament, I might stay away, because I'm bad for the team."

After the game, he went up to the temperamental Walton to embrace him and Walton brusquely shoved him away and raced into the dressing room. Afterward no one on the team would fault the coach's antics, however. "Man, that's Marquette and that's Al McGuire," said Bo Ellis.

The only trace of bitterness came from Walton, who still was incensed because May had used his chest for a springboard during a tangle toward the end. "If I ever get into a pickup game with him, I'm going to kick his head in," vowed Walton.

Thus the Hoosiers keep knocking 'em off as fast as you can set 'em up just as they've been doing all season. Two more remain—UCLA, which will surely be tougher than it was in November, and the Rutgers-Michigan winner. Still, after what Indiana faced in Baton Rouge, the rest may be duck soup.

UCLA REMINDS THE FOLKS WHO'S CHAMP

by JOE JARES

Nevada, Las Vegas had Coach Jerry (Tark the Shark) Tarkanian and a roster of runners and gunners whose idea of discipline was to take no shots unless they were over the half-court line. Pepperdine would have had a team leader in Brazilian Center Marcos Leite if only his teammates understood Portuguese. Arizona had Coach Fred (the Fox) Snowden and a gimpy Greek guard known as "The Six-Million-Dollar Man." But none of these was ever really a factor. The NCAA West Regional was being held in UCLA's Pauley Pavilion where the Bruins had lost only three games in 11 years.

Of course, most UCLA basketball teams are good enough to win playing on the Bonneville Salt Flats, and the current outfit is no exception. So last week

the Bruins, led by juniors Marques Johnson and Richard Washington, won their 167th and 168th victories in Pauley, their 12th Regional out of the last 13 and, most phenomenal of all, their 45th and 46th NCAA-tournament games out of their last 47.

The victims: Pepperdine 70-61 and Arizona 82-66. The method: spurts. UCLA has more spurts than an open artery. Against Pepperdine, the team from Malibu that had surprisingly won the West Coast Athletic Conference, UCLA led by only one point with nine minutes to go. Then the Bruins went into their post-office routine, leaping up and stamping "canceled" on Pepperdine's shots and suddenly the lead was nine and the game was gone. Against Arizona the score was





58-58 with 8:21 to go, but in approximately the next seven minutes UCLA outscored the Wildcats 18-2 and that game was over.

Naturally, the three opposing coaches would rather have played in a lion's cage than at Pauley. Pepperdine's Gary Colson, usually affable, was the loudest and most frequent complainer, estimating that the home-court advantage was worth 15 points to UCLA. Once there, however, the Waves, as surfside Pepperdine's teams are aptly nicknamed, did all right and might indeed have won except that UCLA Centers Ralph Drollinger and David Greenwood did a strong defensive job on the Brazilian Leite, who was the second-leading scorer in the Munich Olympics and who had poured in 29, 28 and 34 points in his previous three games. UCLA held him to 16.

The most entertaining game of the regional was Arizona (23-8) versus Nevada, Las Vegas (29-1, with the only loss coming to Pepperdine). Vegas had Eddie Owens, a half-black, half-Japanese hotshot from Houston, and seven other stars, the eight of them known to the casino cognoscenti as the Hardway Eight. The Runnin' Rebels ran all right, and shot with abandon. Sam Smith, whose brother Willie starred for Missouri in the Midwest Regional, let fly with some shots from mortar range and he almost matched Arizona's Herm (the Germ) Harris, who scored 31 points.

But the real star of the show was The Six-Million-Dollar Man, Jim Rappis, a bionic senior from Wisconsin who has been plagued by ankle injuries, a ruptured appendix, broken blood vessels in his left eye and a bad back. Rappis suffered a painful bruise on his left arch in the first half but insisted on returning to the game. Hobbled around the court, he still managed 12 assists and 24 points (on deadly long-range shooting) and received a standing ovation when he fouled out with 40 seconds left in regulation.

Arizona, which had been missing from the free-throw line, suddenly found its touch when the game went into overtime. The Wildcats beat the Rebels 114-109, scoring all their points in the extra period on free throws.

Against UCLA, Arizona's imposing front line of 6'8" Al Fleming, 6'8" Phil

Looming over Arizona, Washington peently arches his soft flailor toward the basket.



Up goes a cheerleader. down comes a net.

Taylor and 6'10" Bob Elliott took command of the boards and its inside game looked unstoppable, with one or another of the beef trust going to the hoop with ease. "Beatin' heads on the boards" was the phrase Washington used later. But it seems to be the mark of UCLA teams that when the opposition plays with fire, brimstone and that favorite word of coaches, "intensity," the Bruins manage to stay ahead or close behind until the fire subsides. Despite everything Arizona did, UCLA led at the half 38-35.

The second half was close, too, until that 18-2 blitz that sent the Fox back to Tucson, voicing praise for UCLA but adding a dig at having to play at such an unneutral site as Pauley. "I would like to take them to McKale, our home court, and be in the last seven minutes and have a shot at the final of the West Regional."

The happiest Bruin in the locker room was Andre McCarter, who, after UCLA's loss to Notre Dame in late January, began a rite of penance or redemption—dribbling a basketball to classes, to the store, to the Forum for pro games, to the bathrooms, to practically everywhere he went. He would no doubt be willing to follow the bouncing ball on foot all the way to Philadelphia, for that is his hometown and he has never played there as a collegian.

"I told my teammates that if they'd get me home," said McCarter, "I'd try to take care of everything else for 'em." Trouble is, "everything else" includes Indiana.

CONTINUED



Rising toward the basket and the camera, Bailey hauls down a rebound for 31 and 5 Rutgers.

UNDEFEATED AND UNRENOWNED

by KENT HANNON

The burning question at the East Regional in Greensboro, N.C. was not whether unbeaten Rutgers could handle a pair of eager but disadvantaged opponents like Connecticut and Virginia Military Institute. The Scarlet Knights dashed past the Huskies 93-79 and the Keydets 91-75 with scarcely a passing glance. What Atlantic Coast Conference fans wondered was how Rutgers would have done against North Carolina, Virginia or Maryland. They found it appalling that the defense of the territory against invaders from the north had been left up to VMI.

The Keydets, who had their first winning season since before Pearl Harbor, nearly lost to DePaul on Thursday when they blew an 11-point lead in the last 2½ minutes and were forced into overtime. They led Rutgers briefly, 27-26, as did Connecticut, 14-12. However, playing the Scarlet Knights is like playing the bad

guy in an old-fashioned Western: you may have your moments early on, but you always get it in the last reel.

So Rutgers is now 31-0. In other seasons 31-0 would have been good enough to win a national championship—even from UCLA. Yet Rutgers cannot afford to falter. In previous years 13 teams had entered the NCAA tournament undefeated. Six survived. If the Scarlet Knights want to become the seventh, only 33-0 will do. Nobody has ever won that many in one season.

"I looked at our schedule last summer," said Rutgers co-captain Phil Sellers, "and I told Eddie Jordan right then that I thought we could win them all. But you just can't expect that to happen. As a player, you've got to keep that kind of thing tucked up your sleeve until it does."

At the prospect of such an event, Sellers' admirers at the Rutgers victory celebration were calling him "Philadelphia Sellers" and ignoring the Indiana-Marquette game that was blaring on the TV set in the background. It was not Sellers but Jordan, the quick point guard, who wowed the Carolina fans. Against VMI, which has a coach and two players—Bill Blair, Willie Bynum and Ron Carter—who can compete against absolutely anyone in the country, Jordan was superb. He

tossed in 23 points, came up with six steals and had five assists in a performance that earned him the tournament's MVP award. Guard Mike Dabney was no slouch with 23 points of his own, and Sellers controlled his reemerging temper long enough to score 16 points and haul in a dozen rebounds. Therein lies the secret of the Knights' success: they take turns turning on.

Each of the first six players on the team, including Forward Hollis Copeland and the two freshman centers, James Bailey and Abdel Anderson, have scored more than 20 points this season and been high man in so doing. On the other hand, Rutgers has won a lot of games when at least one member of the cast was shut off. For example, sixth-man Anderson broke his nose against The Citadel and was scoreless; Jordan missed almost the entire overtime win over Manhattan because of an "injured knee," which was diagnosed by some as a discipline problem; Copeland found the basket only once in the first Princeton game; Dabney watched nearly half of the ECAC playoff game against St. John's with four fouls; Bailey did not start until the season was six games old and has begun to relinquish more and more playing time to Anderson; and Sellers shot 7-for-28 from the floor in the first two games of the NCAA tournament.

Skepticism over Rutgers' lightweight schedule follows the team to Philadelphia. Indeed, with a thoroughly tested Michigan squad awaiting it in the semifinals and, if it gets by the Wolverines, either UCLA or Indiana after that, the Knights will probably be a third, possibly even a fourth, choice in the final four. "It wouldn't surprise me," said Rutgers publicist Bob Smith. "I know there were times this year when we were, say, 15-0, that some of the New Jersey papers covering us were just hanging around so they could be there when we got beat."

Speaking of skeptics, the Knights ran into an old Des Moines sportswriter named Ronald Reagan who spent a night at their motel while campaigning in the North Carolina primary. Reagan declined to pose for pictures, but actor Jimmy Stewart, a campaign helper and an old Princeton man (B.S. '32), accepted a go button on button and managed a smile in a picture with two reserve players. A longtime fan of his said Stewart looked tired and confused.

Rutgers can do that to you.

LONG RUN FOR A RUNNER-UP

by LARRY KEITH

Whoo-ah," as Michigan Coach Johnny Orr might—and often does—exclaim. Battered first by Adrian Dantley and then bombed by Willie Smith, the undersized, underexposed Wolverines won the Midwest Regional in Louisville by defeating Notre Dame 80-76 and Missouri 95-88. Basketball is a team game and the best team won.

Until last week, no one outside the Big Ten really knew—or cared—how good Michigan was. Somebody should have listened to Northwestern Coach Tex Winter a few weeks ago when he said, "I wouldn't be surprised to see Indiana and Michigan both in the finals." In fact, Orr mentioned that possibility to Bobby Knight in a letter last month. Following the Wolverines' performances in Freedom Hall, we can understand why.

The Wolverines are small and young. But they are also quick, well balanced, determined and not easily intimidated. They may blow big leads as routinely as they build them, but they have an amazing ability to recover. Against Notre Dame, for instance, they fell behind by 11 points in the first half and eight in the second but came on to win without so much as a shudder. While Dantley nearly exhausted himself underneath with 31 points, five Wolverines scored in double figures.

The victory was especially pleasing to Orr, who is now 4-0 against Notre Dame's Digger Phelps and has taken the Irish out of the NCAA tournament twice in the last three years. Orr complains that Notre Dame and the ACC steal acclaim that rightfully belongs to himself, his team and his conference. "If I were coaching an independent," he said, "I'd be in the NCAA tournament every year."

Missouri reached the finals with an impressive 86-75 victory over Texas Tech, but the Tigers were barely visible in the first half against Michigan. The fast-breaking Wolverines roared off to a 10-point lead in the opening four minutes and raised it to 18 with 4:17 remaining. It was all going so easily that during timeouts Guard Rickey Green couldn't help

but think ahead to Philadelphia. At half-time, Orr told his team to play as if the score were 0-0 instead of 50-37. The Wolverines did not respond to the warning, however. "It's one thing to say that," noted Forward John Robinson later, "but we could all see the scoreboard. We kind of went to sleep."

The Wolverines were awakened by the hot shooting of Willie Smith, the Big Eight's Most Valuable Player and the most complete guard in the country. Against Tech the 6'2" senior had merely been outstanding: 30 points, 10 rebounds, seven assists. Against Michigan he was extraordinary, scoring 29 of his team's 51 second-half points.

Smith started firing 17 seconds after the second half began—15, 20 and 25 footers—and within eight minutes the score was 65-65. "I tried to tell the guys guarding him, 'Hey, babe, he's gonna miss sooner or later,' and pat them on the back," Robinson said. "But it crossed my mind that maybe he wouldn't."

The score was still deadlocked at 71 when Smith claxxed his performance by hitting two jump shots and a free throw to put the Tigers ahead by five with 7:54 to go. "I just wish there had been less

time left," Missouri Coach Norm Stewart said later.

With so much time remaining, the Wolverines were not about to panic. In two minutes they had reclaimed the lead, 79-78, on Robinson's four straight free throws. Missouri was unable to hold on because it blew eight of its last 11 foul shots and because Smith finally began showing signs of mortality. In the last 5:19 of the game he missed a free throw that would have tied the score, committed a charge, had a shot blocked that was turned into a layup and double-dribbled in open court. Smith had done as much as any player could possibly do—scoring a career-high 43 points in the game—but he may have tried to do too much.

"It's better if everyone is involved in the offense," said Orr. "Dantley and Smith played great, but their teammates were left just standing around."

Orr got the kind of balance he enjoys. Green led with 23 points, Robinson had 21, 6'7" freshman Center Phil Hubbard 20 and reserve Guard Dave Baxter 18.

This kind of play will make Michigan a formidable entry in Philadelphia. But then there are three other such entries, two of them unbeaten, the other merely the defending national champion. **END**

Four Michigan players hit double figures against Missouri, but Green's 23 was highest.



A PRUNE PICKER WINS THE PLUM

by COLES PHINIZY

The lone Californian in the Congressional Cup race-off had a tradition to uphold: outsiders do not win. Dick Deaver emerged with flying sails



Olympian Deaver chose boating vs. surfing.

Cornelius Shields, a wise old fox of the sailing game, once said that an ordinary competition involving many boats compares to a match race as checkers does to chess. Although match racing in boats is not a new idea (the America's Cup has been a head-to-head contest for more than 100 years), it did not have much status until the Long Beach Yacht Club of California began the Congressional Cup series 11 years ago.

When 10 identical boats—drawn at random by 10 skippers and identically equipped—meet in a round-robin series of duels as they do in the Congressional Cup, there is a likelihood that two may end up with the same number of wins and losses, and in that case, first place goes to the one which has beaten the other head to head. For that reason a skipper's final standing depends somewhat on whom he has beaten. But in any case, three days of racing are normally enough to find a winner by sundown Saturday.

In the 12th competition for the cup last week, however, the issue hung in doubt well into Sunday. After hearing seven claims and counterclaims of foul on Saturday night, the protest committee decreed that four of the 10 skippers had an equal score of six wins and three losses. Furthermore, the men had beaten each other in such a way that the only means of settling the issue fairly was to go back out on the water.

Curiously, Dennis Conner of San Diego, commonly considered the man to

beat in match racing, was not one of those who went extra innings. On the short six-mile course used in the Congressional Cup, the skipper with a clear advantage across the starting line wins about four times out of five. When it comes to hounding rivals into an unfortunate position before the starting gun, Conner, who was the starting helmsman of *Coway* in the last America's Cup, is a master and modest enough to admit that his unrivaled record of two wins and a second in previous Congressional Cups was helped by a bloated reputation. "It has been a case of the rich get richer," he says. "My opponents worry about what I am going to do to them before the start rather than concentrating on what they can do to me." Whatever Conner's advantage before the gun, it was not enough this year. He took most of his starts handily, but did not move well on the course.

The normal limits of the series almost produced a surprise outright winner: Tony Parker, a 29-year-old Maine sailor originally selected as an alternate. When the veteran Ted Hood backed out because of pressing business, Parker got in, bringing modest credentials. In the eight years since he captained the Harvard sailing team, Parker had only one notable win: the 1974 North American title in the 3½-ton class. At the end of the regular round robin, Parker had crossed the finish line first seven times, but one of two foul claims hung on him stuck, so he came out of the protest hearing a mere shareholder in the four-way tie.

Two of the others in the race-off were sailors who for diverse reasons were considered most apt to beat Conner out of his third title. One of them, Graham Hall, director of sailing at the Naval Academy, is, like Conner, specifically talented at squashing the enemy before the starting gun. The other pre-race favorite was Ted Turner of Atlanta, whose genius defies analysis. For all his life, inside sailing and out, he has been a rebel with

many causes and wit enough for all of them. He often wins big when he seemingly has no chance, and he sometimes blows the easy ones. The Congressional Cup has been his particular bugaboo. In seven previous tries he finished almost everywhere except first or last. Turner's mind functions best when it is going several ways at once, and on that count he came to this Congressional Cup a dangerous man. As new owner of the sagging Atlanta Braves, he divided his time in Long Beach between racing and wooing Patcher Andy Messersmith, the nation's most famous free soul. At the skippers' meeting, Turner confided to everyone present, "I made Messersmith an offer, and he didn't laugh at it, but I was crying when I made it."

The fourth man in the race-off was Dick Deaver, an Olympic bronze medalist in the Dragon class, self-described as a "Southern California prune picker," who, in his youth, when faced with the choice between becoming a surf bum or a boat nut, opted for the latter. He was carrying a peculiar responsibility. Although most of the 73 skippers who have tried for the Congressional Cup to date have come from elsewhere, only Southern Californians have ever won it. In the race-off the prune picker was defending tradition against a Cincinnati-born Southerner, a Chicago-born New Yorker and a Harvard man from down Maine.

In competitive sailing, as in all of life, there is no perfect justice or absolute equality, but the Congressional Cup is the sport's finest attempt to achieve these impossibilities. In regular round-the-buoys racing, while hot skippers jostle at the favored end of the starting line, some dolt may go off by himself, get lucky with wind and skunk the fleet. The starting line of the Congressional Cup course is a scant 100 yards wide and so situated

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY EDGEMORTH

Graham Hall's *Gal 40*, *Whisper*, drives downwind under a spinnaker. He finished third.

that the boats first go a mile to a windward mark, then 1½ miles back to a leeward mark. On the second trip to windward they are required to pass through the narrow starting line. It is in effect a tight arena that minimizes the opportunity of a skipper to wander afar in hopes of a cheap win.

In such racing the hottest action often occurs between the 10-minute warning gun and the actual start, with paired rivals swirling in a tight circle, each tack-tack-tacking, trying to get a favored position on the other's tail. In such go-

arounds the less successful boat may break off and thread through the spectator fleet, trying to shake its rival and giving onlookers a closer look than some of them care for.

The prime virtue of the Congressional Cup is the equality enforced in the hulls that the Long Beach Yacht Club provides. They are Cal 40s, all produced off the same Jensen Marine mold between 1963 and 1971. Although a Cal 40 might not hold its own against the latest racing machines of comparable size, they are superior in quick tacking duds. A good

crew under an aggressive skipper can make a Cal 40 turn, if not on a dime, at least on a dinner plate. Each competitor gets a mainsail and is issued a tri-radial spinnaker and a 150% genoa identical to his rivals'. Ballast is added until all the hulls are within 100 pounds of each other. Before the competition begins a scuba team inspects all bottoms and sands any that are excessively rough. However, despite the best efforts of the Long Beach club to eliminate inequities, the devil is still in the game, often dealing a crooked hand.

Hugh Treharne, an Australian who has won various sailing honors, notably in the cantankerous 18-foot hulls that abound in Sydney Harbor, took second in the Congressional Cup two years ago. On his return this year he had a miserable time of things generally but turned out to be the series spoiler. When he met Turner, the windy Atlantan was 4-0 and Treharne was 0-4. Turner fouled him before the starting gun, acknowledged it and lost over a minute circling the buoy to absolve the foul. Treharne then gave Turner every chance to catch up, but the devil would not let either of them off the hook gently. At the last leeward mark Treharne fouled his spinnaker, and in no time Turner fouled his genoa sheet around his spinnaker pole, thereby losing more than Treharne had given him. Treharne overstood the finish slightly, giving some back to Turner, but in the last 10 yards Turner pinched a trifle high and so lost the race by one-half second. And in the very last race Treharne was in full spoiling stride, beating Graham Hall, who had been even with Turner and Parker at 6-2. And that, with an assist from several protest flags, threw the whole thing into Sunday.

In the first race-off, Parker soundly beat Turner, and Deaver had an easy time against Hall. When the two met in the finals, the helmsmanship of Deaver and the sail handling of his crew were the difference. At the first windward mark, Parker's crew got the spinnaker set in 12 seconds, but Deaver's got theirs up in 10. So with an almost perfect performance against a rival from the easternmost corner of the U.S., a prune picker became the 12th consecutive Southern Californian to win the cup. After his crew threw him in the drink at dockside, Deaver said, "The weight of the West has been lifted from my shoulders." **END**



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOSSA JR.



Cardinals' Catcher Ted Simmons and Manager Red Schoendienst may have been jogging to loosen up—or to get away from that dangerous critter, Al Mrazbosky.





Mets and bats marked the first Met hitting drill, while Cincy was off and running—as usual.



AT LAST, SPRING IS SPRUNG

Baseball's unresolved labor dispute caused camps to open 17 days late. The effect of the delay? Not much

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

When baseball spring training finally got under way last week, more than a fortnight late because of the labor dispute between the players and owners, it seemed almost as if all the acrimony of the past month had never existed, as if these were the good old days. Clusters of players goofed off in the outfield, while the hitters bombed the pitchers, who were not yet ready to throw curves. The palm trees fluttered against the ever-blue Florida and Arizona skies, and the fans leaning against the fences were talking about how cold it was back home in Detroit or Chicago or Milwaukee. And hoping, of course, that it would get colder.

At the Mets' camp in St. Petersburg, Fla., Joe Torre and Ed Kranepool hovered around first base, the position each hopes to occupy this year. A coach was hitting ground balls to them that ended up bouncing off their knees, shins, thighs and chests. Occasionally one of the grounders would stick in a glove. "First guy to catch three in a row gets the job," kidded Torre. Countered Kranepool, "My hands are O.K. It's just gettin' them to work together."

Over at the Red Sox camp in Winter Haven, Third Baseman Rico Petrocelli asked after the first practice, "When are we getting a day off?" And Utility Infielder Bob Heise said, "This is enough practice. Let's start the games."

Indeed, the games will start—exhibi-

continued

tions this week, the season as scheduled on April 8. And this is a welcome report after the spate of news about players unwilling to budge much in the negotiations and owners too proud to say uncle.

But somehow the good humor of the athletes and the good-to-see-you-how-was-your-winter-greetings-from-management seemed a bit forced. Joe McDonald, general manager of the Mets, was candid. "There's a lot of uneasiness," he said. "You can't feel content after what's happened. You just don't have the same enthusiasm."

What happened was that the players and owners could not agree on what to do about the Big Bugaboo, the reserve clause. Baseball management historically has viewed the clause as giving a team the exclusive rights to a player for life. In the past two months two federal courts have ruled that a team can have the rights to a player for only one year (the so-called option year) beyond the term of his contract. The law notwithstanding, the owners persisted in arguing until recently that they must have control of players for life in order to keep salaries and expenses from going too high and to preserve competitive balance. Implicit in their position was the opinion: we are the owners, and we know what is best for baseball. The players answered by saying that slavery has a bad odor about it these days.

Early last week Commissioner Bowie Kuhn announced that if "sufficient progress" was made in the negotiations, he would order the camps opened. Less than 72 hours later he lamented, "We do not have a final agreement," but he nevertheless directed the owners to unlock the gates to the players, who had been anxious to play all along. Having done so, Kuhn immediately went into hiding and refused to discuss his decision. That was strange, because the players and owners generally—though certainly not unanimously—supported Kuhn.

The bottleneck in negotiations is this: courts up to but not including the Supreme Court have agreed that a player should be free to play out his contract and become a free agent. This means he would be at liberty to sell his services to anyone he chooses, just as people in other lines of work do. But the owners still want players to be reserved, somehow, to a particular team for at least eight years. And they want limits on which and how many of the 24 teams a player can offer

himself to when he becomes a free agent. And they want to implement a complicated formula that would provide compensation money to the team losing the player. And they want lots of other controls.

Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association, fretted that for him to agree to abridge rights the players have won in court would subject both him and his union to untold liability (read that as substantial financial penalties) in the event a player sued to regain those rights. But the Players Association does agree in principle with some of the controls being sought by the owners—it offered a plan in which a player would be tied to a team for six seasons—and Miller even concedes that the liability issue might be finessed. Thus, it is the specifics of the settlement, not its essentials, that are causing trouble.

Whatever happens, no player will become a free agent before the end of the upcoming season. So with eminent logic, Kuhn told all parties to play ball now and work out a deal before October. A spokesman for a public-relations firm hired to shine up management's image in these troubled times insisted, "I can assure you that the commissioner acted on his own with no pressure from the owners or anyone else."

That sounds plausible, but it may not be quite true. According to high management sources, Kuhn acted only when "he saw baseball's tide going out." That occurred when owners of at least four clubs privately indicated that, rather than operate under the new court rulings, they were prepared to padlock their stadiums this summer and let the fans watch *Las Vegas* reruns instead of baseball. The four reportedly were St. Louis, Detroit, San Diego and California. Even though the threat was lessened when two key teams, Los Angeles and the Mets, proved reluctant to take such a drastic step, Kuhn obviously was not keen on it.

Whatever his motivation, Kuhn's action was timely because the owners last week had backed themselves all the way into the right-field corner by hurling down what they called their "best and final" offer. Then Chief Negotiator John Gaherin and his entourage promptly flew back to New York without waiting for an answer from the players. This was evidence anew in support of the observation by Cal Tech Professor Roger Noll, editor of a respected book on the business complexities of sports: "Baseball

always seems to defend itself in the most arrogant way possible."

When Miller and the players looked over the "best and final" offer, they could not talk for laughing—or fuming—mainly because it was full of provisions that diminished the rights they had recently won. The players ignored the offer and suggested that negotiations continue (perhaps with the help of federal mediation) and that training camps be opened immediately. Kuhn agreed.

How much does all this affect teams in preparing for the season? Not much. The conventional wisdom is that pitchers need at least three weeks to get ready—and they will have it. Everybody else needs only a week or two.

A team such as Cincinnati, which has a set lineup, faces few problems. Stung a bit by the shorter spring will be clubs that are going to rely on young, untested players, and teams with new managers.

One adjustment many clubs may make will be to carry more pitchers during the early season. Boston Manager Darrell Johnson said that instead of bringing nine pitchers north, he will take at least 12. The delay also means that younger players, with the possible exception of pitchers, will get even less of a chance to make the big club.

The effect of the delay on all teams is likely to be more psychological than physical. If negotiations drag on through the season, even more bitter animosities could surface, partly because negotiators tend to say a lot of things during bargaining sessions they do not really mean. One baseball executive contends, "The important thing for management to remember is you can't knock your product [the players] and try to sell it at the same time."

On the day the camps opened, about 150 of baseball's 600 big-league players had not signed contracts. Last year at the same time, there were about 10. But Jerry Kaptein, an attorney who represents about 60 players, expects most of the 150 will sign with their present clubs before the season ends, regardless of how the negotiations go.

Cincinnati President Bob Howsam says, "The most important thing is to get some stability in this game." The Mets' McDonald adds, "Maybe a calmer atmosphere will lead to a more fruitful agreement." And that might be the best result of all from last week's decision to play ball.

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THEY RUN AND THEY GUN- AND THEY'RE A MILE HIGH

But hardly a soul knows that David Thompson and his gaudy Denver teammates are leading the ABA
by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Step right up, folks. See David, the Flying Boy. See him roar and soar, slam and jam. You'll sigh and die as you watch him sky. Step on up. Thrill to the eerie silence of White Bobby No-Noise. Bobby does the impossible and then says nothing. He goes up where no Caucasian has ever trod before. Watch him get really quiet.

Here's Danny the Gap. The Man with the Missing Teeth. Don't get close, folks. If Danny spots a chance for two, he'll eat the rim with his gums alone.

And over here we got Monte, the Magic Dwarf. He throws the alley-oop and makes himself tiny. And Kind Ralphie, the nicest person in captivity. He kills whole cities with kindness. Here is Ancient Byron, one of the World's Oldest Living Forwards. How old is he? Maybe 200. Nobody knows where Ancient Byron came from or when he's going back.

But now, for you ladies, our feature attraction. Let's hear it for the coach's blow-dry curls and his Long Island-Drive accent. It's Ragman Larry, the human clotheshorse. Thrill to his velvets. Gasp at his leathers. Touch his suedes. Don't be fooled by those deep circles under the eyes, girls. He's just a tad. Around the tent we call him Kid Cardin. Heh heh. Watch him scream. Hear his strategy: "No puka-shell necklaces in Feb-

ruary, boys; no turtle-necks in April."

The Denver Nuggets are not unlike some traveling side show of freakish wonders who never play the big time. David Thompson jumps and Bobby Jones defends and Dan Issel shoots and Monte Towe cheers and Ralph Simpson passes and Byron Beck hooks and Coach Larry Brown flashes his elegant wardrobe and the Nuggets keep winning while pro basketball's most rabid fans wonder where it all leads.

As the American Basketball Association writhes on, preparing to meet its fate (to fold? to merge?), the league's most conspicuous success story has been lost in the shuffle. It is hardly necessary to go into the legal tangles and boring mumbo jumbo of the NBA-ABA situation in order to realize the true irony of the Denver franchise. In a league which has been "consolidated" from 10 teams to seven—theoretically making it deeper, stronger and more balanced—here are the Nuggets absolutely running away and hiding from the competition. Following last week's victories over St. Louis, Indiana and Virginia, Denver was 6½ games ahead of its closest challenger, the New York Doctors.

The Nuggets have five of the top nine percentage shooters in the league and are averaging six points a game better than anybody else. They beat the All-Star crew from the rest of the ABA in front of one of the five 17,000-plus sellout crowds they have had so far this season in McNichols Arena. They are drawing an average of nearly 13,000 at home and are taking in more money than all but two pro franchises, Los Angeles and New York of the NBA.

But who knows of this phenomenon? Denver games are not on national television. Denver box scores do not appear on most sports pages. In certain large media outlets one still encounters references

to the "Denver Rockets," a moniker two years dead.

The prospect of wallowing in national obscurity while forging a 54-20 record with four of the best players in the game would be enough to shatter most pro teams. Yet the Nugget players show no signs of resentment toward the NBA; nor do they despair over the future of their own ragamuffin league. Veterans such as Simpson and Issel have become resigned to an Avisian posture and inured to rumors of an ABA collapse. As for Jones and Thompson and the other youngsters, they are having too much fun to care.

Denver President and General Manager Carl Scheer, who is an anomaly in the ABA—being both intelligent and shrewd—is leading the charge for a "super series" between the ABA and NBA champions this spring. Though Dick Vertlieb of Golden State and Red Auerbach of Boston, the teams most likely to be the NBA representative, are his personal friends and would probably go for it, Scheer knows it is folly to think they could get sanction from the NBA unless the series were tied up with the NBA's renegotiated TV package.

Meanwhile Denver presses on toward its own playoffs. Brown and his assistant, Doug Moe, both out of New York and the University of North Carolina, are ABA originals. Likewise, men experienced in the delicate art of surviving mercy killings.

While not wishing to seem preoccupied with the NBA-ABA "thing," Brown finds little else to occupy his fertile mind as his team goes around blowing everybody off the court. With all due respect to the beatification accorded Golden State after that team won the NBA title employing free substitution and a togetherness motif, it has been forgotten that Brown used this very style three years ago with the old Carolina Cougars and has embellished it at Denver.

David leaves his personal launch pad, Bobby aims a soft, sure shot and all's right with Larry, who coaches in casual chromatic splendor.

robertand

In unguarded moments the coach will vent his frustration, voicing an old ABA lament. "TV," Brown says caustically. "That's all we've ever needed. They talk about bad ABA defense. On Auerbach's halftime TV clinics he should show the standard NBA defense: one guy holding another guy's shirt. Why, we play the Nets some games so amazing not even Mendeny and Sonny could describe them."

Julius Erving of the New York team holds similar feelings about the Nuggets. "Early on, I thought they weren't deep and Thompson would have stamina problems, and we would take them," says the Doctor. "But no. David came in here like a young gunslinger after me. At 26 I feel like an elder statesman. I don't go screaming in the night over this, but he does get me more involved, more up. He's helped make Denver the best."

It is quite a team Erving speaks of. In addition to the rookie, Thompson, the Nuggets are, in capsule:

Bobby Jones, 6'9" second-year man out of North Carolina. Best defensive forward in basketball. Shot 60.5% last year (only man other than Wilt Chamberlain ever over 60). Leading league again this season at 59% despite worst form and shortest range in history of mankind. Just never takes bad shot. Great leaper. Denver MVP, easy. Thrifty, devoted, straight arrow. Brown says that during pregame talks, while other players scratch, read, go to bathroom, Jones "stares at me and actually listens. He's scary." Bob Goldsholl, Nets TV announcer, says Jones is so clean that when he went to the movie *Story of O*, he walked out when he discovered it was not the life of Oscar Robertson.

Dan Issel, 6'9" center from Kentucky. Can shoot from anywhere and usually does. Deceptively unquick, except when catching own poodle, which sometimes wears red nail polish. Obtained from late, great Baltimore Claws. "Like reprieve from electric chair," said Issel. Had trouble adjusting to Nugget running game and free-lance offense after years of walking ball up at Kentucky. Then got in shape. Says game "fun again." Misses beloved quarter horses back home so frequents dog track with Coach Moe. Only place he's ever been a loser.

Ralph Simpson, 6'5" guard. Hardship out of Michigan State when about five years old. Long considered just a shooter, but now second in the league in assists, reaching perfection as complete

player. Used to throw chicken bones from Colonel Sanders on motel room carpet. Says was "regressing as player before Larry came here to coach. He's such a great teacher, I seem to improve every game. It's like he's out there on court with me." Also changed eating habits. Now calls himself "fruititarian."

Chuck Williams, 6'3" guard. Local boy—Colorado U.—made good. Does dirty work. Sets team up, passes, guards toughest backcourt men. Says Nuggets' intense, 48-minute effort every night is result of "family atmosphere. They work hearts out for Larry and each other because of the kind of people they are." Exactly what others say of him.

The Bench. Byron Beck, 6'9" wizened cornerman, 31. Looks 51. Feels 71. First player signed by Nuggets, then called Rockets. Alltime stationary marksman, fourth-best field-goal percentage in league. Breaks fingers a lot.

Claude Terry, 6'5" third guard. Brains and guile. Out of Stanford, so figures. Another terrific shooter. Made 50 straight free throws recently. Looks like blond Sonny Bono.

Gus Gerard, 6'8" forward. Twin of Jones in face and leap. Not far behind him as player. Just beginning to lose bad habits from St. Louis, where Spirits gave up on him at 22. Brown says he told him to be patient. "On this team Gus doesn't have to fight guys to get the ball." When Jones was injured, Gerard stepped into lineup with 16 points, 21 rebounds. Believed to have a few good years left. Same can't be said for St. Louis.

Marvin Webster and Monte Towe: Frankenstein's monster and Little Beaver. After hepatitis, rookie 7-footer Webster coming back strong as shot rejecter. Cocky enough on defense to call out to St. Louis' Marvin Barnes. "Bring it on in here, Marvin," then stuff him. Known as the Human Eraser. Brown sends him into games, saying, "Go get me some chalk." Towe, 5'5", is former Munchkin joke. Smart, witty, keeps everyone loose. Brown says has paid back salary "tenfold" with attitude and spirit. Spectacular girl friend named Kervin. Towe can beat Little Miss Muffet one-on-one but few others. Doesn't matter. Wears red bandanna as a headband, resembling comic-strip Indian boy. Is he really, truly a pro? You betchum, Red Ryder.

What the Nuggets are doing is simply dominating the ABA by swift ball movement on offense, by switching, pressing

change-ups on defense and by wearing the other people out with liberal use of the bench. Issel says he can't believe how many layoffs and open 10-footers Denver gets every game. "All we want to do is come down, change sides with the ball to get the defense to commit, then let ourselves loose," says Brown. And it works.

In truth the method is the same one that worked last season when Denver won 65 regular-season games. Only the Nuggets lacked real speed then, and the forwards couldn't shoot. Denver was upset in the western playoffs by a one-man gang from Indiana named McGinnis.

Since that was the second time in three years Brown's teams ran roughshod during the regular season only to fail to make the final playoff round, carping was prevalent concerning the coach's tendency to peak his club too soon; he has, in fact, given his men more rest days this time around. "I don't think we were too tired," he says of last year. "I think we were too conscientious. All year we preached that we're sacrificing, we've got the character, we're doing it right. Then we get tight. That's my fault."

It didn't help much that when the Nuggets needed a basket last season, they had to get it outside. Now Issel gives them punch down low. So does Gerard. And, of course, there is Thompson.

Though it is a well-kept secret, David the Flying Boy is experiencing one of the best freshman seasons in history. Artis Gilmore, Spencer Haywood, Chamberlain and Wes Unseld had MVP-Rookie of the Year campaigns in their respective leagues, and the debuts of Abdul-Jabbar and Cowsens were monumental pieces of work. But David Thompson is 6'3½" tall. No man near that size ever had a first year quite like his.

It is not only Thompson's 26 points and 6.4 rebounds a game, his steals, blocked shots and 52% shooting average that are so impressive. Rather, just as in college, Thompson's very presence on the floor tends to lift his more seasoned mates at crucial points. "I'm starting to feel the way I did at N.C. State," Thompson says. "Like I can do it whenever I want to."

Although most of the Denver players have recovered from their initial surprise at Thompson's height (he was listed at nearly 6'5" as an undergraduate), they remain intrigued with his jumping ability and outside shotmaking.

"The biggest kick I get out of David,"

continued

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says Jones, "is watching opposing player reactions. There's so much pride in this game. When DT makes an embarrassing dunk over a man, the man will act like nothing happened. But I watch him run upcourt. The man's eyes bug out. Sometimes he looks in shock."

One night last month the Nuggets were in the midst of rallying to an overtime homecourt victory over New York when Simpson overthrew a sky pass to Thompson and the ball seemed headed for the nearest Rocky. Having faked Erving up and dashed down along the baseline, Thompson started his climb anyway. When he got up there beyond the gravitational field, he somehow reached back, cradled the ball with one hand and jammed it through the basket. For just a moment the crowd was stunned, then it erupted in full cry.

"I thought I had it over the backboard," said Simpson.

"He did," said Thompson.

Much has been made of the Carolina Connection Scheer and Brown have es-

tablished at Denver. At different times the team has had no fewer than six Atlantic Coast Conference players on the roster. Gerard, the Virginian, says when the Denver crowd starts up, "It sounds just like the ACC tournament."

The coach has become a crowd puller in his own right. At 35 Brown looks younger than many of his players; in addition to possessing one of the more creative minds in the game, his rapport with "our kids," as he calls the Nuggets, is something to behold.

Brown laughingly mocks himself when he says of Denver, "I own this town." But he does. Lock, stock and barrels of Coors. His life-style revolves around a split-level town house, a silver Mercedes with an I'D RATHER BE IN CHAPEL HILL sticker on the back and closetsful of haberdashery. He squires beautiful princesses about town and takes his steaks at the Colorado Mine Company.

"When I first met Brownie, the only thing he said was, 'That's a great jacket, where can I get one?'" remembers Lar-

ry Rubin, a clothing salesman. "Now he'll call me up and say he needs more French jeans. He's only got about 25 pair."

"More than that," says Brown.

The coach is known to spend as much time exchanging goods and poring over wardrobe ideas with Rubin as he does moving a malcontent through waivers with Scheer. Says Nancy Sigelman, one of the exquisite women with whom Brown and Rubin are seen, "Larry and Larry are really Lucy and Ethel."

Be that as it may, Brown would dearly love to have as long a running show in Denver as the Mrs. Ricardo and Mertz. Upon accepting the Nugget job two years ago, Brown's first move was to get rid of a center named Julius Keye. At a luncheon the first question put to him was, "Will you miss Julius Keye?" Brown answered, "Will you?"

If and when the Ragman and his wondrous sideshow ever take leave of the Mile-High City, nobody will have to ask if Denver will miss Larry Brown. **END**

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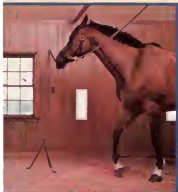
Kingdom For My Horse

Complete with mirrors and fountains, statues and chandeliers, the dazzling Winter Place Farm in Salisbury, Md. sprang practically full grown from the pocketbook of James Bradley Caine in 1972. This year, for the first time, tourists will be welcome to the farm and the museum Caine built for his collection of superb antique carriages. He has even provided some amenities for people, but you are probably still going to have a better time there if you are a horse.

Not for fun but for game legs are the 3½-foot-deep whirlpools.







It makes a horse feel appreciated, having his own blacksmith and immaculate fieldstone smithy. And his own riding ring, with the chandeliers reflected in the mirrors on the pine-paneled walls. And his own summer barn. Of course, there are all those antique carriages, bread vans and pony carts, the horses and five trucks and sleighs. But he never has to pull them.





I don't know what it means. It's just one of Mr. Caine's whims," said the guide, looking at what appeared to be a small graveyard—three rows of stone crosses, too close together to mark people or horses, too many to mark stable pets at a farm only four years old.

Another of the whims of James Bradley Caine is Winter Place Farm itself, a lavish facility for the housing and schooling of show horses, near Salisbury on Maryland's Eastern Shore. Caine is a land developer who made the bulk of his fortune in Ocean City real estate, and now seems to be trying to blow it all on hunters and jumpers. He decided to build Winter Place in January of 1972. Three months later the main barn was finished.

With its metal siding and moderately pitched roof, the barn looks modern and functional. It is surrounded by a maze of well-kept paddock fences and half a dozen tidy out-buildings. The only thing that might cause a passerby to apply the brakes would be a glimpse, through the huge window at the south end, of three enormous chandeliers.

There are chandeliers everywhere at Winter Place, big ones and little ones. The barn also is decorated with dozens of carriage lamps, clumps of artificial shrubs and flowers, fountains with plaster nymphs atop and a Persian rug on the tack room floor. But beneath all the gilding is a lily of a horse barn. Rows of stalls, 35 in all, paneled in knotty pine and marked with carriage lamps, line either side of the riding ring. The stalls are equipped with water buckets that refill themselves automatically, feed drawers built into the doors and battery-powered fly catchers. The floors of the passageways are covered with an acre of Tartan all-weather track material designed to eliminate noise, dust and slippery spots.

The riding ring, 225 by 175 feet, is almost twice the size of Madison Square Garden's arena. Up in the rafters, beyond the chandeliers, is a battery of mercury lamps that spare the horses glare and shadows, and a sprinkler system for settling the dust. There are rooms for laundry, tack, feed and trophies, and a trainer's office that looks out onto the ring through a glass partition. There are wash stalls with vacuum hoses and heat lamps, and two whirlpool baths 3½ feet deep that can be heated to 100° with underwater jets capable of pressures of up to 80 pounds. A horse being treated for, say, a blown-up leg, can stand in the midst of this therapeutic maelstrom and amuse himself looking into

horse-level mirrors.

Having created his equine Xanadu, Caine, with advice from his young trainer Ronnie Beard, began filling it

with the best hunters and jumpers that seemingly unlimited amounts of money could buy, some of them well-known older horses such as Perfect Stranger, the AHSA's Grand Champion hunter for 1971, and Old Dominion, a top conformation hunter.

"We bought 'made' horses at first," says Beard. "We needed them to build the reputation of the farm."

Good horses attracted good riders. By the end of 1972, its first year of showing, Winter Place had won more than 100 blue ribbons in Class A shows and 30 championships and reserve championships. The impact on the horse show world was stunning. "It was a whole new concept," Beard says. "Mr. Caine was one of the first to go out and pay high prices for very good jumpers, as the Europeans do."

Not everyone was delighted. People in the horse show business rarely celebrate each other's good fortune. "It's a hard world to break into, like society, I guess," says Beard, "and Winter Place rose very quickly from no stable to one of the best in the country."

Meanwhile, Caine, the reclusive developer, continued to develop Winter Place. He built a quarter-mile asphalt Go-Kart track for his son and a stone shop building for his blacksmith. He acquired antique wagons and carriages at a record pace, shipped them off to be restored, then constructed a museum nearly as large as the main barn to house them. He put in an equine swimming pool and built a barn to go with it, where owners can send their injured or winterbound horses for exercise, a Grand Prix jumping course, a gift shop for the tours that will now be coming through and picked up a pair of Clydesdales for the children. And he is planning, among other things, a half-mile exercise track.

Winter Place Farm's first great success in world-class jumping was Jet Run, an 8-year-old bay gelding that in 1974 won the knock-down-and-out class at Harrisburg, took second in the President's Cup at the Washington International and, finally, won the Grand Prix of New York in Madison Square Garden, the pinnacle of the game in this country. "That was an exciting time," said Beard recently. "Jet Run was not a made horse when he came to us."

Neither was Southside, Winter Place's brightest prospect for the Olympics, now being ridden by Robert Ridland of the U.S. Equestrian Team. And Gozzy, twice AHSA working hunter champion, had shown only promise of what he was to do.

"Our main competition now is Rodney Jenkins and Hilltop Farms," says Beard. "He is a great competitor and without doubt still the best rider. He gives us a good way to judge ourselves. But I think we have the overall best operation in the country."

—SARAH PILEGGI

At work, Boy Colonel takes USET rider Ridland over a fence. He will get to play later. There is plenty of time, there is plenty of room.

On Friday evenings, the highways leading out of America's cities are clogged with urban buckaroos headed for the desert, the woods, the water, wherever they go to keep those concrete canyons at bay. In station wagons, Jeeps, Broncos, Blazers and pickups, towing snowmobiles, motorcycles, sailboats, ice-fishing shacks and house trailers, the great armies are on the move. And more and more, poking above the clouds of dust and heat waves of exhaust gas, are citizens' band radio antennas. It's an exodus in the age of McLuhan, with the airwaves, like the highways, clogged.

Created by the Federal Communications Commission in 1958, citizens' band radio was almost unnoticed until the 1973 fuel crisis and the establishment of a nationwide 55-mph speed limit. Then truckers, intent on gunning across America at 70, began using CB as a means of outwitting state police. In response, Massachusetts state troopers took to hiding radar equipment in hay trucks and hucklebuckers' backpacks, and in Maryland a yellow Peterbilt truck with "ears" (a CB rig) is notorious as a cover for that state's police force.

The FCC, which last year lowered CB licensing fees for five-year validations from \$20 to \$4, reports that some 10 million Americans are broadcasting big 10-4s (a transmission shorthand for "I understand and agree") on the 23 CB frequencies and that it is now receiving more than 400,000 license applications a month at its Gettysburg, Pa. headquarters. Contributing to the boom is the new competitive price for CB rigs, once selling for around \$200, they now can be had for as little as \$60, and to accommodate the horde of purchasers, CB lobbyists are pushing a bill in Congress to expand the number of channels to 80. Unlike the older "ham" operator's certificate, a CB license does not require that the holder know Morse code or have

any other knowledge of radio procedure. In fact, many CBers' techniques seem to have been gleaned from old *Highway Patrol* television shows, in which Broderick Crawford hung over the door of a cruiser,¹⁰ 4-inx like a trooper, so to speak.

Generally unnoticed in the barrage of publicity about truckers using CB to foil the "Smokeys" (the code name for state and local police derived from the hats

worn by many troopers) is the fact that CB has also been playing a fast-growing role in sports. Now employed by hunters, fishermen, golfers, cross-country runners and skiers, snowmobilers and birders, CB is changing some of those sports for the better but possibly creating conditions for irreparable harm in others.

The sports applications of CR concern-

A BIG 10-4 ON THE CALL OF THE WILD



ally stem from the same rationale that made it attractive to truckers; a means to quickly get specific, and not generally available, information. Even with a CB this can require some ingenuity. Take the Denver duck hunter, for instance, who quickly has learned that truckers have become rather clannish about speaking to mere cars ("4-wheelers") on CB. In an effort to find out if the weather is foul

enough to assure good hunting—and out in the Rockies this is not an easy task, as the National Weather Service is reduced to playing mumblety-peg on the meteorological charts because of sudden changes over the mountains—he is now imitating truckers ("18-wheelers") for on-the-spot weather info. "This is Meat Wagon outta Denver with a roofer on, can anyone give me a copy on 85 north-bound? Come on." And the answer comes back 10-4. "This is Pressure Cooker, Meat Wagon, we got the front door up here, and it's clean and green all the way. Smokey must be sleeping. Put the pedal to the metal and keep the bear outta your hair. We got some ice in the pass, the 4-wheelers are sliding off. Catch you on the flip-flop. I'm gone."

Even though the argot can sound like Houston Mission Control getting its wires crossed with a Shake 'n Bake commercial, it's a sure piece of information to the duck hunter, who glides into a gas station to attach tire chains. Of

course he's driving a modest station wagon and not an 18-wheeler, but thanks to his car for trucker dialect he now has a reading on road conditions that will get him to his blind before dawn. In addition to the ice in the pass, he has also learned that there is no police activity on the highway, and he can "put the hammer down."

Skiers who also want that peculiar combination of inclement weather to make conditions right for their sport and yet need safe roads to get there depend heavily on CBs to find out that the pre-recorded telephone message promising "16 inches of new powder" doesn't also mean that eight-foot drifts on the roads have stopped the plows.

The safety factor for motorists and sportsmen equipped with CB radios is increased as well. From a flat tire to a broken axle, from merely establishing one's location in unfamiliar woods to being saved from death while injured or hopelessly lost, CB is fast becoming the answer. But perhaps CB's biggest contribution to automotive safety is far less dramatic and best summed up by the Chicago-based salesman who ventures onto the long Midwestern interstate highways for hours a day, where straight, monotonous driving can produce a doleful inattention to the road. "It keeps me alert," he says. "I used to listen to the radio all the time, but with all that 'Top 40' stuff, where you hear the same dumb songs over and over, you can't have a real rapport with the radio. CB is great because you're always looking out for who's on the air, and the talk is about the road you're on and what's going on around you. It's amazing how many other peddlers I pick up on here. We talk about where we're going, which motels to stay away from. Things like that."

CB is useful off the road, too. In many of the country's primitive areas, summer camps and cottages are often beyond the reach of the telephone—which is part of their popularity—and CB provides the same extra safety margin for campers as it does for a motorist with a disabled car. Best of all, you can turn the thing off when you don't want to be bothered. But if you flip it on, someone almost certain-

continued

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by J. D. REED



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ly will be listening. And in most circumstances it will be someone close by, as the effective range for most CBs is between five and ten miles. It is this fact that probably accounted for the first recreational use of CB in any volume. Often just out of sight of other anglers, the owners of small boats fishing in coastal or Great Lakes waters who couldn't afford high-priced, high-powered marine VHF radio equipment tune to CB like tuna after a school of baitfish.

"It's a great invention," says a bakery worker who, when the bluefish or striped bass are running, fishes from a 20-foot outboard in the unpredictable Atlantic off Long Island. "I've got a CB in the car, so if I'm driving home from work and hear of any activity out on the water, I can drive right to the boat. I can tell my wife I'm going because we have a base station at the house, and another rig on the boat helps me keep in touch with her, too. The best part is talking with the other guys out there that I know. We talk about where the schools are, if we've spotted any baitfish, that stuff. And it's a safety factor, too. Once I ran out of gas and was drifting around for a while but a call on the emergency channel got a guy to come over with a tank pretty quick." Because of the high number of false alarms and jumbled receptions, the Coast Guard does not automatically respond to a CB emergency call, and in emergencies boaters often have to rely on the concern and expertise of fellow CB owners.

There is also a problem in pinpointing the source of a CB signal, and on occasion it can be extreme. Certain atmospheric conditions can unpredictably "bounce" a CB signal immense distances. One fisherman from Bridle, N.J. vividly recalls the day he was discussing conditions over his CB when he was brought up short by the angler he was talking with enthusing over his recent luck with grouper, a fish of the tropics. After a few incredulous inquiries, the New Jersey angler finally became convinced that his CB talking partner was not pulling his leg—the other fisherman was at that moment over 1,200 miles away, broadcasting from a skiff in Biscayne Bay just south of Miami Beach, Fla.

A less serious hazard for the sportsman is that a lot of folks besides one's friends can listen in. Last fall a group of East Coast duck hunters, calling to friends on CB about a flock coming in,

continued

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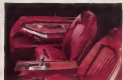
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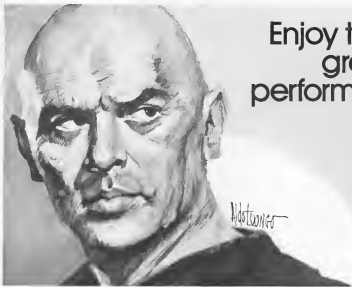
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were surprised to find a dozen or so grinning gunners, Ithacus at the ready, surrounding their blind. Many sportsmen now resort to prearranged signals and codes to keep good information within their own party, and as much energy seems to go into devising—and breaking—codes as into hunting. For example, don't expect to tune in Florida Keys fishing guides, long known for efficient evasion of giving out free information, and expect a CB to provide a free ticket to a working bonefish flat. A guide's "We're down here south of Whatever Key, and it's dead," in all likelihood means he is somewhere north, and tied into a big tarpon.

In some cases, CB has changed the way of life in a whole town. In Greenville, Maine, pop. 1,894, 90% of the town's business is concerned with hunting, fishing, backpacking and canoeing, skiing and snowmobiling, cabins, camps and vacationing, and CB has become a major economic and social factor. Bill Muzzy, who speaks in a clam-chowder accent, is a contractor who builds roads to the cottages of summer residents and plows snow in the winter. He also owns a motel, rents his barn out for boat storage and generally wears as many hats as it takes to make a living. A confirmed outdoorsman, Muzzy admires CB radio and uses it almost every day.

"We carry CB walkie-talkies when we go snowmobiling," he says. "Of course, the engine noise and vibration makes it impossible to hear anything. So we shut down and call up our friends at prearranged times. It's a great safety factor, because there's lots of accidents and you can tell others to watch out for stumps or fences on a trail. We had a 'Mayday' call a year or so back. Everyone got all excited, but it was just a drunk who fell off his sled. All the same, he could have frozen to death about the time all that antifreeze in his blood dropped to a level where he'd have been sober."

Although game commissions in several states are trying to discourage "electronic hunting," the difficulties of enforcement are overwhelming. Like many states, Maine prohibits the "driving" of game. If even one hunter walks noisily through the woods, forcing a deer toward a waiting partner, he's in violation. CB has enabled hunters to challenge the law with impunity. "If I see a deer going toward my buddy," says Muzzy, "and I call him up and say there's one headed his

way, I'm not breaking the law." But sometimes, as is often the case with more affluent sportsmen, new and unfamiliar equipment can get in the way. "Last Thanksgiving I was out deer hunting," Muzzy recalls, "and I stopped to call my partner to see if he'd had a shot. When I signed off, I looked up to see three deer walking away, just out of range. I nearly threw the damn radio away."

In British Columbia, a pair of hunters who pool-pooled the use of CB on their moose hunt had a more unpleasant experience. Early in the day one had gotten a moose and the two had lugged it to their truck and strapped the carcass over the cab. The successful hunter snoozed in the truck while his companion went back out. At dusk he saw antlers and blazed away. He almost killed his partner. The antlers he had seen were the ones attached to the dead moose. Soon both hunters were in town, applying for CB licenses and shopping for walkie-talkies.

Not all outdoorsmen have safety in mind. In northwestern Missouri, coyote hunters have been known to surround a section of land with pickups and drive animals toward other trucks, coordinating the drive every step of the way with CBs. Not exactly the good and the clean and the brave, 10-4?

Up in Greenville the long-standing war between poachers and the Maine State Warden Service has been given a new twist by CB. In the Fisheries and Wildlife Department's kitchen on the shore of Moosehead Lake, wardens and cronies sit around a table, drinking coffee poured from a pail-sized pot, and discuss the situation. "What goes on isn't too much different than always, it's just that now the poachers are more efficient," says Glenn Perkins, a warden in his late 20s. "Most of them used to jacklight on foot [spot deer with flashlights to immobilize them], but since we've got two-way radios on the state police frequency, they stick to their cars for fast escapes, and shoot from the road when they see fur. Of course, they buy scanners to receive the police and our department's frequencies so they can monitor our movements. And, on purpose or not, every logging truck helps the poachers by sending back a warning when they see our cars heading into the woods. We're just another Smokey to the truckers. The state won't buy us CB sets so that we can monitor the poachers, and we don't make enough to buy them ourselves, so we don't know

what they're up to." Perkins stares out at a snowmobile speeding across the lake ice. "It's not an insurmountable problem," he says, "but it's sure irritating. About the only friend we've got is the Indian Pond Poacher."

The "Poacher," the CB "handle" (code name) for a trapper who lives in an isolated camp 20 miles from Greenville and who claims to exist on a diet of roast beaver and possum fritters, is an eerie and sometimes irritating CBer. The wardens love him because his weekend transmissions take up so much air time on channel 11 (the channel reserved for setting up conversations on other channels) that real poachers have trouble getting through to each other. The Poacher spends most of his time talking to an imaginary state trooper. His elaborately plotted conversations, rife with international intrigue and sophistication, are the weekend entertainment for many CBing Greenvillians. "He ought to be writing some of those spy shows on TV," says Bill Muzzy. "He's real good."

One wonders after listening to hours of CB broadcasts if the Poacher is all that different from the usual run of CB freaks, who have been described by one fishing guide, who relies on CB partially for his living, as "the kind of people who drive Nash Ramblers." CB does seem to attract a strange breed and the airwaves have become burdened by enough meaningless chatter to sicken the most stalwart talkshow host. In the New York City area, for instance, one hears conversations about lost contact lenses, a man singing *Rose of Washington Square*, a grocery list in Spanish, a church service broadcast on AM radio over an open mike, and begins to think that there must be a frustrated disc jockey in all of us. Like the people who call up those radio public opinion shows, for a \$100 investment anyone now can be on the air, night and day, holding a warm microphone to his lips, ready to foist private fantasy, opinion and crank ideas on the public with no need to ever face an audience. In the same way that pocket calculators are "unlearning" us how to multiply and divide, perhaps CB will have the effect of making us forget how to converse face to face.

Still, lots of sportsmen just plain don't like CB, claiming it's an unfair advantage. Carl Johnson, chairman of the Michigan Natural Resources Commission and an avid bear hunter, says, "It

continued

takes away from the wilderness setting to use CB radio. I like old-fashioned hunting." Perhaps the thing to do is give CB equipment to trout, bears and deer. It might be a more equal match of wits and instinct if one turned to Channel 19 and heard "That's a Big 10-4 on Firestick's 10-20 [location], Bambi Control. We've got our tails down and showing a frown. 3's and 8's [good luck and good-by] to you."

Certainly the folks who come to Greenville, Maine and towns like it across the nation are increasingly well equipped. Radio Shack, one of the biggest retailers of CB sets, has \$100 million worth of gear on order this year, and in British Columbia officials are estimating that 75% of next fall's hunters will be radio-equipped.

American business is also gearing up in other ways to make the most use of the CB fad. While prohibited, subtly disguised ads luring listeners to motels, restaurants and campsites can occasionally be heard, and many recreational vehicle dealers are offering CB sets as sales incentives. Harold Wagner, president of the Pennsylvania chapter of the National Campers and Hikers Association, says, "We've got 9,000 members, and I guess about one-third have CB. We use them to keep together on the highway, find places to stay and eat. I don't know if it's a trend, but many camp owners are putting in CB base units to talk campers right into their locations."

CB is even making inroads into organized sport. Take the cutthroat world of college football recruiting. Like several recruiters in the Southwest, Mike Pope of Texas Tech does a lot of driving and uses CB to get directions to prospects' houses in unfamiliar towns. "I've even talked with a few kids on CB," he says. "It gives me an early edge. There's an idea I've had, but I've never tried it. When you've got a high school player and you know other scouts will be in the area, and maybe they'll be asking for directions, too, you could send them off on a wild-goose chase."

Many Oklahoma University football players and coaches, with the notable exception of Head Coach Barry Switzer, installed CB in their cars and homes last year. Player "handles" ranged from "Terrible Twister" for Joe Washington to "Pass Catcher" for Tinker Owens. Assistant Coach Wendell Mosley (a black)

was known as "Black Velvet," Oklahoma fans who caught on to the Sooter network called the players offering congratulations and advice and indulged in lengthy discussions about tactics.

Officating is another area where CB is proving a boon. Sports such as golf, or cross-country running or skiing, where the distances involved make communications between officials difficult, have been greatly enhanced by more efficient decision-making and crowd control, and the increased safety factor is obvious. Even in events as brief as downhill skiing, injured racers are receiving quicker and thanks to CB-equipped Ski Patrol members. And CB also has been called on in small-time sporting events. In Lubbock, Texas, Gene Harper, organizer of a yearly 4.6-mile Go-kart road race, stations 11 CB-equipped marshals at strategic points along the circuit to report accidents and track conditions. Because CB is inexpensive, kids racing in Lubbock can have the same protection that Formula 1 drivers get at Watkins Glen.

Inexpensive CB might be, but the sets still aren't free, and kids who used to steal hubeags and then tape decks are now into lifting CBs from cars. The Kansas City Police Department recorded 1,480 stolen sets, valued at \$264,760, between January and August of last year. With thefts on the rise, one might take a tip from the way a Kansas City man recovered his CB. When a radio repairman opened the stolen set he found a note tucked among the transistors: "If lost or stolen, please contact Emmitt L. Allen or police." The repairman did both—the man who brought the set in was released after it was learned he bought the rig at a swap-meet.

Not so lucky was Jackson County, Mo. Sheriff Kenneth Carnes, who bought a CB set for his wife's car, assuming it would make her feel safer on the highway. A few days later the rig was ripped out while the car was parked in the Kansas City municipal garage.

Because CB is under the jurisdiction of the FCC there are laws against its use by unlicensed operators, for improper procedure (such as conversational broadcasting on the emergency and contact channels, 9 and 11) and for using profanity on the air. The maximum penalty for operating without a license is \$10,000 and two years in the federal slammer. Seattle FCC official Bob Dietrich says, "We've levied some stiff fines, one

for \$2,000, and publicized them. We're not fooling around." But another FCC official admits that the task of effectively monitoring CB is beyond its grasp. With only three engineers scanning the dials in all six New England states, Gerard Sarno of the commission says, "We're still checking out complaints from January. That's how far behind we are. With that kind of manpower, you can't be serious."

While CB is in many ways proving to be a mixed blessing, there is at least one group for which it is an unequivocal bonus. Bill Bowman, a victim of muscular dystrophy, got a CB set two years ago. "I met more people the first year I was on CB than I had in the previous 10," he says. As avid a CBER as any trucker, Bowman equipped his electric wheelchair with a CB rig last year. And like many a motorist, when he got stuck in the mud one day he "put out a Mayday and it wasn't long before another fellow with a radio came along and pulled me out." That led him to become part of a CB club, the "No! No! Club," and like many other members of CB organizations, Bowman now helps monitor the emergency channel, often assisting lost motorists and occasionally saving a life. The club even put Bowman in contact with folks that put him on a bowling team.

"Sure, I like to listen to the hunters and the fishermen," says Charlie Sawyer up in Greenville. "Sometimes I think I'm out there myself." The operator of a local marina, Sawyer had a stroke last year but keeps in contact with lots of folks on CB. "Up here, CB is a little bit of safety and a little bit of loneliness, mixed with a lot of plain damn fun for us yokels."

Whatever else it is, CB radio has added to our language. There hasn't been such an explosion of home-brewed imagery since jazz went up the river from New Orleans, and for that we can be thankful. Certainly what you hear is better than the robot-talk of space flight, and maybe even better than the "zone defense-shotgun formation" jargon of football. We live in an age of media information, and finally the ordinary citizen can get in on the act. So don't be surprised next year, when standing on a favorite stream or walking to a favorite deer stand, to hear the roar of four-wheel drive and the distinctive, electronic call of "Breaker, breaker!" [I want to talk!] Just move over and give a big 10-4 to the new arrivals.

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The Weekly Newsmagazine

Sulky with space-age bloodlines

Joe King's speedy, newfangled cart is out of Apollo 11 by the X-1A

Until Joe King came along with his MIT education and his moonshot mentality, the design of a harness-racing sulky hadn't changed much since the days of Currier and Ives, a state of affairs that pleased most everybody. But for the second time now, King has shaken up the Establishment by introducing a radically different cart. His first try was

shot down a year ago on a technicality, but King's latest version is threatening to transform this most traditional of sports. The Joe King Signature Sulky—more commonly known as the "Modified Sulky"—is the hottest thing in harness racing since the Big Triple and apparently the surest way short of the hypodermic needle to improve a horse's performance. The new bike is made from the steel alloys used in building airplanes, and it has been making horses all over the U.S. take off and fly.

King, 62, a cheeky genius who wears wild glasses and works out of Ormond Beach, Fla., says he gets more personal satisfaction from the new sulky than from any of his previous scientific successes. King had a hand in developing an airplane that could go 1,650 mph, an air-to-surface missile system that cost half a billion dollars and the Apollo 11 moonshot. The thrill, says King, comes from the fact that the new sulky is basically a one-man project—his own—

whereas the others involved thousands of scientists and engineers. Moreover, King is the sort of man who plainly gets a devilish delight from tweaking the whiskers of harness racing's Establishment, with which he has been conducting a long-running battle of wits. "I am not anti-Establishment," says King, winking. "I am pro-progress."

That the new sulky represents progress is almost a foregone conclusion. Even Stanley Duncer, a traditionalist's traditionalist, has tried it and admitted to his peers that it indeed appears to help a lot of horses. Almost all the trainer-drivers at New York's Roosevelt Raceway had at least one in their barns by the end of that track's

recent meeting and have now moved—lock, stock and new sulkies—back over to Yonkers Raceway. And many of them, including such stars as Herve Filion and Carmine Abbatiello, report that the new sulky has dramatically improved some of their horses. Indeed, in the first 435 wood vs. steel (or oldfangled vs. newfangled) races at Roosevelt, steel won 248—despite having 1,300 fewer starters. At Philadelphia's Liberty Bell the new sulkies swept the card one recent night.

The difference between old and new was marked enough that, after some initial wrangling, management and newspapers finally began adding the designation "MS"—for modified sulky—to entries using the new rig, the better to help the gamblers make up their minds. A rule also has been passed prohibiting drivers from tinkering with the new sulkies. At Yonkers, if a driver uses the MS with a particular horse, he can go back to the old cart but must stick thereafter to it—the better to avoid chicanery.

The MS refers both to the King sulky and the Nassau, another metal-shaft sulky that is cutting into King's market in New York. King is so hot about competition from the Nassau—the two men who manufacture the bike used to be his New York sales agents—that he is threatening to sue for copyright infringement (he has a patent pending on his new sulky). However, in addition to legal recourse, King claims he has a scientific edge on the competition. "The sulky as it is now has room for improvements," he says. "I'm already working on them. So it's like planned obsolescence. Once the copiers catch up to me, I'll already be ahead of them with something new."

Even the Houghton and the Jerald companies, manufacturers of the old-fashioned wooden-shaft sulkies that have been in use for decades, are said to be modifying some of their models in order to compete effectively with the MS. As driver-trainer Abbatiello says, "This new sulky isn't a fad—it's here to stay." If so, it not only would revolutionize harness racing—"We're going to break all the world records," says King—but it also would be the ultimate triumph for King.

His battle goes back to the early 1950s, when he was a project engineer

continued



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for Bell Aircraft in Niagara Falls, N.Y. working on the X-1A, a plane that could fly at Mach 2 at 70,000 feet. By then, King already was into harness racing in a modest way, owning a few horses and driving them at state fairs, and thinking about ways to improve the sulky. In 1956, he developed a prototype single-shaft sulky (SSS). The one shaft extended over the horse's back, giving the sulky a weird, outer-space look, but reducing drag and increasing a horse's speed. However, as soon as the first SSS appeared on an upstate New York track, the judges ordered it off on no better grounds than that it didn't look like a sulky. Who ever heard of such a thing? Everybody knew that shafts belonged on the sides of a horse.

At that point, King was becoming heavily involved with his aeronautical work and didn't have time to take on harness-racing officials. So the SSS went to the attic. But when he quit working on NASA projects in 1969, he pulled the SSS out and succeeded in convincing those concerned that there was nothing in the rules prohibiting it. (He was, however, required to make it available to all drivers.) From 1971 to 1974, the SSS seemed to be the sulky of the future; for one reason or another, horses using it went faster than those pulling the old-fashioned wooden wragaround model. Nevertheless, the SSS wasn't exactly greeted eagerly by everyone. Trainer-driver Garland Garnsey professed shock. "Why, the horse can just turn around in that thing and look at you," he said.

There were also mutterings about safety. "Horsefeathers," said Joe King. "In three years the single-shaft sulky was involved in 20,000 or 30,000 races, and there was never an official claim lodged against it for safety reasons. It was perfectly safe."

In any event, the United States Trotting Association, the supreme court of harness racing, last spring drew up a new definition of a sulky that specified two shafts. Outraged but helpless, King went back to his little factory in Ormond Beach, fiddled around with some leftover wheels and parts and—*voilà*—produced son of single shaft, more commonly known as the Modified Sulky. In every way it complied with USTA regulations. It also went just as fast as—if not faster than—the SSS.

"I've developed an apparatus that measures three things in total—bearings and tires, the interactions among horse, sulky and driver, and air drag—and it doesn't isolate one from another," says King. "The single-shaft sulky was analytically designed without sophisticated test apparatus. This one was designed to measure and compare, and it was tested against a great number of other ones."

Although the King Signature Sulky is heavier by several pounds and considerably more expensive than the old-fashioned carts (\$990 vs. \$700 or so), it enables a horse to move faster, says King, because it reduces total drag. He achieved this by moving the shafts in closer to the horse's flanks, by positioning the driver's feet in a new manner, and by streamlining the sulky to the point that it is virtually a skeleton when viewed from the front. These changes again raised questions about safety, but so far there is no evidence that the King sulky is any more dangerous than traditional models. On the contrary, some drivers at Roosevelt and Yonkers believe the new sulky may be safer because, given the proper kind of care, it is essentially unbreakable.

"The biggest problem I've had," says King, "is that a lot of these horsemen think they have to take anything metal to a blacksmith to be fixed. You can't apply horse-and-buggy methods to something as aerodynamically sophisticated as this."

With the MS, King didn't make the same tactical mistakes that he did with the single-shaft. "We tried to use the single-shaft at some of the smaller tracks," says King. "The trouble was, all we could get was young drivers and bad horses. The big names wouldn't touch it because they said it looked like a bent tailpipe. So we got off to a bad start simply because all we had was bad horses."

This time King quietly slipped one of his Signature Sulkies into Yonkers Raceway, near the end of its early winter meeting in December. When the horses moved to Roosevelt, so did the new sulky. And when a driver named Merrit Dokey began using the new sulky and suddenly shot to the top of the track's leading driver list, the race was on. Now the MS is a presence in every race at the New York tracks, sometimes even appearing

behind every horse in a given race.

Although the new sulky seems to have proved its value—much like the fiberglass pole in vaulting—some purists still don't feel comfortable with it. For one thing, it adds a new factor to the already nearly impossible job of handicapping. For another, it promises to wipe out the times and records that have been the standards of excellence for years. And, anyway, why does the sport need a new sulky? Once everyone is using it, and all the records have been lowered a few seconds, won't harness racing be right back to square one? Naturally, Joe King has the answers.

"It boils down to what's the most important—the betting or the performance," he says. "The name of the game is speed. What we've done is the same thing they did when they invented better-banked turns, improved the surfaces of the tracks, improved the kinds of shoes. A lot of horses, for one reason or another, found that the old sulky interfered with them. Now, with our sulky, they can go out and do what they're capable of doing. Anything that is done to allow a horse to attain his true potential helps the breeding industry—and the sport."

Logical as all this sounds, King still was afraid that the USTA might once again redefine the sulky in such a way as to outlaw his baby. Therefore, when the USTA held its annual meeting earlier this month in Columbus, Ohio, King was there, sitting in on meetings, listening, talking to horsemen, protecting his interests. Whether or not his presence helped, the USTA declined to take any action prohibiting the MS. "It was a real victory," says King, with a shrug, "but if they had done something, I would have just gone back and come up with something just as good that met their specifications."

Who knows where it will all end? One day at lunch in Ormond Beach, where King is cranking out 35 new sulkies every week—barely enough to meet the demand—a friend kidded him: "What are you gonna do now, Joe? Put wings on the horses and airfoils on the sulkies?" King laughed at the jest, but he also had an interested look in his eye. Airfoils? Hmmm. Like any good scientist, Joe King is certainly willing to consider anything that might end up being "pro-progress." **END**

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What's that name again?

They'll remember it now. Rising from Southland obscurity to upset the big boys, UNCC came, saw and doggone near conquered the NIT

The problem wasn't that the school was not playing good basketball. A 45-7 record over two years and 21-5 this season is most acceptable. The problem was that not enough people knew about UNCC—and certainly not the people who make up postseason tournaments. It was frustrating, and it shook down into a sure-enough identity crisis. And that's where this story begins.

The low point came a month ago when John Edgerton, a Charlotte, N.C. TV executive, went to Madison Square Garden in New York. How about televising the UNCC games in the National Invitation Tournament, he asked. Never mind that UNCC did not have an NIT bid at the time. "What they told me," says Edgerton, summing it up, was, "What's a UNCC?"

That was the situation, right there. A UNCC, he told them, is the University of North Carolina at Charlotte. There is no hyphen or comma in its name; it is not a branch of the University of North Carolina or North Carolina State, those bigger schools up the road a piece. UNCC was founded in 1965, eight miles from downtown Charlotte. It has 7,500 students. It also has a new basketball coach. Lee Hyden Rose had coached at Transylvania College in Lexington, Ky. In eight years there, his teams had a 160-57 record. Nobody noticed that, either.

Before Rose arrived, UNCC had a pep band, a spirit squad, a hostess committee, Gold Diggers to spur the 49ers and a community that didn't seem to care one way or the other. Then Rose began to roll up victories, beating such notables as Florida 73-64 and Vanderbilt 78-61. But instead of acclaim, those upsets seemed to provoke more yawns.

Rose figured that UNCC epitomized the words of Plautus: "How often the highest talents are wrapped in obscurity." And while he wanted to unwrap those talents, an NIT offer, he knew, was unlikely. He sought advice from that past

master of attention-getting, Adolph Rupp of Kentucky. Rupp vetoed Rose's plan to call the NIT selection committee. Rose says, "Rupp told me, 'Calling is one thing, but if you go up there and show them you're determined and dedicated, it'll be received much better.'"

So Rose showed them. He hustled to Manhattan to present packets of information about his team to the NIT selection committee, and he called anyone else he could think of who might help in pleading his case. Back in Charlotte, he sat at home by the phone all day Sunday, March 7, waiting for the NIT to call. But it wasn't until the next morning, when he was about to give up in despair, that the phone rang. UNCC was in the NIT.

On Friday, March 12, UNCC faced favored San Francisco in the opening round. At the final buzzer, Kevin King, a 6'6" UNCC freshman, tied the score at 69 with a layup and clinched a 79-74 overtime win when he unfurled a court-length pass to 6'4" Lew (the Machine) Massey, who converted it into an easy basket. Massey, the team's scoring leader with a 22.8 average, wound up with 25 points. Cedric (Cornbread) Maxwell, a 6'8" junior, had 28.

Sure enough, the game was televised by Charlotte's WBTV, and the folks back home were enraptured. Never had there been such cavorting. The crowds were so lusty that they brought traffic to a halt on Highway 49 in front of the university. Students "rolled" the campus, festooning it with toilet paper. Both the *Charlotte Observer* and *News* fired the fever, printing headlines including ECSTASY and DELIRIOUS and 49ERS STRIKE GOLD.

Three days later UNCC met mighty Oregon. With his team down 22-13, Rose ordered the 49ers "out of a passive zone and into an aggressive man-to-man." Mel Watkins, a rugged, 6'3" junior (whose heart is twice the normal size and beats at half the usual pace) covered Ron Lee, Oregon's main man. Watkins cooked



MVP CORNBREAD MAXWELL NEVER LOAFED

off Lee; Maxwell scored 30 points; Massey added 20—and UNCC stunned Oregon 79-72.

A disgruntled Oregon rooster said, "Losing is bad enough. But to come 2,500 miles and get beat by a team nobody ever heard of..."

Back home, the UNCC campus was rolled all over again. The excitement spread wider. Before the NIT bid, Stan Kaplan, owner of radio station WAYS, had been asked to help raise money so the 49ers could visit Australia next August for a basketball tour. Now, he got on the phone and raised it all, \$10,000, in six hours. And Loomis McGlohon, the WBTV musical director, whipped up a school fight song called *This Is the Day*. It begins:

*This is the day we shoot for victory,
This is the day we win the game,
Charlotte is home for UNCC,
You're gonna know the name.*

The song was sung at the monthly meeting of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce. Copies were run off for the pep

continued

band to play during the upcoming semifinal game. The trouble was, the pep band had bused to New York for the first game and then, out of money, had returned to Charlotte. But the town was jumping now, and an appeal went out for funds. Lunchtime gin-rummy players at the Charlotte City Club gave \$30. An auto dealer came up with \$100. A self-described "starving student" contributed \$1. A quick \$5,000 was raised, and the pep band headed back for the Big Apple tooting *This Is the Day*.

It was the day, indeed. Regardless of how UNCC would make out in the tournament, the semifinal game was *it*. The opponent would be neighboring North Carolina State, the big prestigious basketball school, the 1974 NCAA champion.

But before this test on the court, the UNCC players had to contend with classroom tests. This is UNCC's exam time. Never fear, said Chancellor Dean W. Colvard. He had textbooks and take-home exams flown to Manhattan for the

team; take the exams after the tournament, he told Coach Rose. Just stay up there and play.

And play they did. With 30 seconds left against the Wolfpack, the pretournament favorites, a Watkins jumper put the 49ers in front 80-79. There they stayed, miraculously surviving a State jumper and three tags that danced off the rim in the closing seconds.

While Charlotte rocked some more, Rose and his wife Eleanor celebrated their 17th wedding anniversary at a New York restaurant, arriving at 1:30 a.m. "They gave us a cake and champagne, and they played the *Anniversary Waltz*," said Eleanor. "All of us have fallen in love with New York," said Rose, which made UNCC even more unusual. "The Garden fans seem to be pulling for us, and I'm sure their cheers have helped."

Stacks of telegrams began to pour in from well-wishers, the hotel room phone jangled incessantly, a parade of people trooped in and out. "Identity," said Lee Rose, spreading his arms wide. "This

tournament has established us as a team of prominence."

A team of prominence is one thing, but a championship team is another, and on Sunday UNCC was pitted in the finals against Kentucky, which had gone all the way to the NCAA finals just a year before.

The Charlotte *News* asked two psychologists, "Is UNCC a team of destiny?" UNCC, replied one, is "having this marvelous feeling that they're being known. . . . It ought to pull them through."

Well, not quite. It might have been destiny that put UNCC up by seven points midway of the second half, but a three-point play with seven seconds left gave Kentucky a 71-67 victory.

Still, after all that had happened, who could be downcast? The 49ers had gained prominence at last (as an extra measure, Cornbread Maxwell was named MVP), and chances are, they won't be overlooked again. Like Cinderella, they had been to the ball.

END

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To judge by his smashing deeds of the past year, University of Alabama swimmer Jonty Skinner should be among the favorites in the 100-meter freestyle at this summer's Olympics, just as he will be in the 100 at this week's NCAA meet at Brown University. But collegiate rivals like Jim Montgomery of Indiana and Joe Bottom of USC are not even expecting to see Jonty at Montreal because the slim, 6' 5" Skinner is a man without a country to swim for. He is a citizen of South Africa, a nation that has been barred from the Games because of its white-supremacist policies. And there the matter might rest but for an improbable dream nurtured by Skinner and a band of Alabama boosters that he will be able to compete in Montreal as a U.S. citizen.

The very idea of that happening is audacious. U.S. naturalization law normally requires a prospective citizen to spend five years in the country as an immigrant, yet Skinner arrived in the U.S. just two years ago and did so as a foreign student rather than as an immigrant. Still, his Olympic predicament has become a *cause célèbre* in Tuscaloosa. The university's Student Senate recently passed a resolution supporting citizenship for Skinner, local merchants have put LET JONTY SWIM placards in their stores and petitions bearing 50,000 signatures are on their way to Washington. Recognizing a groundswell when he sees one, Rep. Walter Flowers (D., Ala.) introduced a bill—HR 12257—in Congress this month that would enable Jonty to become a citizen in time for the U.S. Olympic Trials in June.

It is astonishing that Skinner, who recognizes that the bill's chances of passing are slim, can even dream on an Olympian scale. Growing up in the seaside South African city of East London, the outgoing Skinner picked up the nickname Jonty—he is actually John Alexander—when reporters covering his early swimming victories invariably described him as "jaunty." But he was a sprinter of largely local reputation and it was only after he logged his required year in the South African defense force—and after he had his fill of surfing—that Coach Don Gambril recruited him by mail for the team he was building at Alabama.

Arriving in Tuscaloosa at the age of 20, Skinner suddenly caught fire.

He's making a Games try

Jonty Skinner needs a waiver in order to make waves in Montreal

As a freshman at last year's NCAA championships he won the 100-yard freestyle in an American record of 43.92. Then at the AAU outdoor championships he blazed to a 51.05 in the 100 meters, and only world-record holder (at 50.59) Montgomery has ever bettered that time.

As Skinner improved, the first talk of possible U.S. citizenship was heard. In the mistaken belief that it would help, a Tuscaloosa couple briefly explored the possibility of adopting Skinner, and several women he scarcely knew—including one Alabama faculty member—half seriously offered to marry him.

Sensitive to the possibility that his bid for U.S. citizenship might appear opportunistic, Skinner insists he is merely trying to expedite something he would have gone after anyway. "I realized soon af-

ter I came to the United States that I'd like to be a citizen," he says. "This is a beautiful country and it's freer and more democratic than South Africa."

Making it more beautiful for Skinner is Pat Liang, a University of Georgia coed he met last year at a swim meet. She is Chinese-American, and Skinner is only too aware that their relationship would be taboo in his homeland. "If Pat and I ever got married, we certainly couldn't live in South Africa," he says.

In his efforts to become a U.S. citizen, however, Skinner is up against the sobering fact that HR 12257, a so-called private bill, requires unanimous consent of the House. Last January, Congress unanimously enacted special legislation paving the way for Czech-born cross-country skier Jana Hlavaty to compete for the U.S. in the Winter Olympics, but she was just a couple of months away from naturalization anyway. Taking such action for somebody on a student visa would be unprecedented, and some Congressmen might feel it would cheapen U.S. citizenship. Nor does it help that Gambril made some inquiries last summer to swimming officials of France and Great Britain about the possibility of Skinner competing for them.

Above all, granting hurry-up citizenship to a white South African would undoubtedly offend staunch U.S. foes of apartheid. Although Skinner could probably defuse this issue by repudiating his government, he thinks that would be improper. In addition, he explains, "My father works for a government-affiliated hospital, and if I say the wrong thing it could hurt him." The mere fact that Skinner was known to be contemplating U.S. citizenship—and had a Chinese-American girl friend—received front-page play in South Africa.

If the LET JONTY SWIM campaign fails, Skinner will simply have to concentrate on lesser meets, beginning with the NCAA. There are also the AAU championships in Philadelphia two weeks after the Olympics. "If I don't make it to Montreal, you can bet I'll be watching the 100-meter time there and trying to beat it in Philadelphia," he says. But Jonty Skinner is aware that there is no substitute for the Olympics. Wistfully he adds, "Of course, how I might swim in Philadelphia wouldn't prove anything. What counts is Montreal." **END**



Lo, the poor palefaces

The Sunbelt elite may have a lock on the NCAA championship, but Coach Brian Eisner and his pallid Michigan kids are out to tan their hides

It is late March in the subarctic clime of Ann Arbor, Mich. Somewhere under the melting snow, hidden as far from sight as the cyclotron on the North Campus, Michigan's someday-champion tennis team is working out: 12 players hitting and running in musty air and artificial light, playing tedious matches with each other day in and day out. They are merely killing time before this bunch of nice, pale, indoor kids from—heh, heh—the Midwest will come up against the suntanned elite from the palm-tree and court-laden worlds of every land-developer's daydreams: California, Arizona, Texas and Florida. One of these years, if Coach Brian Eisner's relentless ambition has anything to do with it, Michigan is going to beat them all down. Which is like expecting the Brazilian national ice hockey team to turn the Russians to mush.

Since Michigan is associated with marching bands and fullback plunges rather than backhand crosscourts and overhead smashes, the notion that a university located in a region where the average school-year temperature is 39° and the snow can start falling in October will probably win a national championship in tennis before it wins one in football is slightly baffling. That is, until one runs down the 35-year-old Eisner, who can be cornered about as easily as a cockroach. He is in his office from seven till noon, at practice in the new Tennis and Track Building from two to five and at his own Liberty Racket Club from seven to midnight. The rest of the time he is dreaming up new ways to make tennis work in this winter wonderland—trying to get matches televised, creating crowd-drawing spectacles and arranging pro tournaments to raise money for his ambitious program. On weekends he persuades future stars of the game and their parents—particularly the parents—that a player

ought to spend the most crucial part of his career at Michigan, for goodness sake.

Now, about that hockey in Brazil.

"Why not?" snaps Eisner. "Rink ice in Brazil is as good as rink ice in Moscow." Are we to suppose then that indoor tennis in Michigan is as good as outdoor tennis in California? "Maybe not as good as playing in sunshine all the time, but indoor tennis means the game has shed its geographical limitations."

Which is about half of a good point. Future tennis greats can sprout just about anywhere—of the top ten U.S. players, only three were born in the Sunbelt—but almost without exception they were quickly sent South or West, where the coaches and players are, to "get their potential developed." All but one of the top-tenners played college tennis in California, Texas or Florida.

Stanford Coach Dick Gould says, "The point is that California is where all the best players are. Kids there have so much varied competition. There are tournaments all year round, and within 100 miles of Palo Alto a kid can play against a hundred other players in his class or better. Even though indoor tennis has done tremendous things to the game, there's still too much tradition in California. The kids love it. They don't know what indoor tennis is."

Eisner will clear his throat loudly, nod affirmatively and proceed to explain why he can buck those odds, as though he were Custer explaining how he has Sitting Bull dead in his sights. "Look, nobody will ever win nine championships like George Toley at USC. Nobody will ever get the kind of talent he's had. Gould and Glenn Bassett at UCLA will always get top people. Arizona State, Trinity, Miami—there are so many players in those areas, a coach's problem is not who to recruit, but who to turn away. I have everything going against me: weather, fa-



EISNER IS STALKING THE SUNSHINE BOYS

cilities, money. How can I possibly compete with USC, Stanford and UCLA?"

Before one can supply the seemingly obvious answer, Eisner will do it for him: "Coaching."

He says, "In a situation like California, a boy who may have a tremendous lot of potential can get buried early and lose all his confidence. There are so many players there is little room for coaching. What I can do once I get my 12 players is give each one my complete personal attention. My players aren't off in Santa Barbara one day, Redondo the next. They're not at the beach or lying in the sun. They're working and I'm working. I'm developing a team."

Eisner's confidence and powers of persuasion are commanding. His aim, when talking to parents, is to turn every promise of fun in the sun made by his Sunbelt rivals into a threat. He is high on the strong academic tradition at Michigan and actually sings *The Victors* when high school seniors visit the campus on football Saturdays. He presents to the parents an impressive picture of serious tennis without the alarming prospect of California party life, and a resulting grade transcript full of incompletes.

"I make a sincere effort to indicate a real interest in the individual," he says. "I'm selling his parents a family, not a team. I tell them that there's a lot of win-

ning at Michigan that has nothing to do with tennis."

This puffery notwithstanding, Eisner's strongest selling point is his record. In the last three years, Michigan has finished fourth, third and seventh in the NCAA championships. No other team outside the sunshine states has finished as high as third in 10 years.

Eisner has had to buck one obstacle after another since he arrived at Ann Arbor in 1969 after winning four straight Mid-American Conference titles at Toledo. Michigan was already the perennial Big Ten tennis power, a tradition begun in 1949 by Coach Bill Murphy. But the team had to practice on the slick hardwood of the Intramural Building basketball courts, no way to prepare for Michigan's second national championship (the first was in 1957, with Barry MacKay), or even a serious assault on the California teams that have won 25 of the 30 NCAA titles. By his second year Eisner had his team working at a new Ann Arbor tennis club, but the rates were high enough to give the athletic department oosebleeds.

Under extreme pressure from Eisner and a student and faculty community of 40,000 hungry for court space, the university built the \$1 million Tennis and Track Building, an adequate though less than perfect facility. And in four of his seven years Eisner has taken his team on a California swing during spring vacation, "so by NCAA time, my players know that the California players are not gods on Mount Olympus."

Then there is a problem in recruiting, which Eisner approaches as aggressively as any Woody Hayes. The most recent NCAA legislation cut a tennis team's allotment from eight to five full scholarships at any one time. Moreover, the Big Ten permits only 80 scholarships for the seven nonrevenue sports during a four-year span.

In Eisner's first recruiting year, 1972, he stunned every other tennis power by corraling three of the very best junior players: Freddy DeJesus from Santurce, Puerto Rico, Victor Amaya from Holland, Mich. (via Puerto Rico) and Eric Friedler from Evanston, Ill. As freshmen, those three led Michigan to a sixth-place finish in the NCAA. The following year, Eisner grabbed a little-known junior named Peter Fleming from Chatham, N.J. The next two years Michigan

continued

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TENNIS continued

finished third and fourth. Last year a back injury to the 6'7" Amaya, who has possibly the hardest serve in tennis, may have cost Michigan the championship.

But this year, when Amaya and DeJesus would have been seniors and Fleming a junior, giving Michigan one of the strongest teams since Toley had Rafael Ossuna and Dennis Ralston at USC in 1963, the championship is once more beyond Eisner's reach. Amaya decided he had played past all of Ann Arbor's competition and Eisner's coaching and turned pro. Fleming decided he belonged in California and transferred to UCLA, where he has emerged as the man to beat in college tennis this year. DeJesus concentrated too hard on tennis, and violated Eisner's strictest rule—studies first—and is now trying to get his grades up to law-school standards. He will probably miss the season.

Only Friedler remains, a Connors-quick 5'9" stylist, skilled and confident enough to beat any collegian in the country, the best of which are Fleming, San Jose State's Hank Pfister, USC's Butch Walts and Stanford's Bill Maze. Beyond Friedler, Michigan has unheralded though well-coached players and a good chance to finish in the top ten for the fourth consecutive year. And with two scholarships to give away, Eisner is hoping to get another first-class group of freshmen for next year.

Most other college coaches are little more than country-club pros. Their toughest task is putting high-gloss players on the court and saying, "Play." Not so Toley, the man who introduced the tennis racket to Mexico and has reigned for 22 years as the majordomo of tennis' fertile crescent, Southern California. "Eisner is a special kind of coach," he says. "He's a teacher, and a very aggressive recruiter. Unfortunately for him, the very best players need to be where many other good players are. That's why Fleming transferred and Amaya turned pro."

What then? If it is tough enough to get tennis players to come to Michigan, how are you going to keep them there? "First," says Eisner, "there is just no more room in the pros, except for the truly exceptional player. Second, I'm telling players they don't have to go to California to become No. 1 in the world. They can be No. 1 coming out of Michigan. All they've got to do is believe that."

What would make them believe that? "One championship," says Eisner. **END**

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SKATING RINGS AROUND AMERICA

Medalists Peggy Fleming and Janet Lynn came leaping and twirling out of the Olympics into ice show biz to dazzle and delight millions as Sonja Henie did 40 years ago when she kissed amateurism goodbye and put on spangles and a saucy suit

BY FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED



I must tell us something that the ice found in arenas is always known as "artificial." Artificial ice, how curious. Why don't we also say the cubes that come from the Kelvinator are artificial? I'll have a Scotch on the artificial rocks. The frozen water that Bobby Orr and Richard Dwyer make their livings on is man-made, true, but artificial? One might as well say that Colonel Sanders' chicken is artificial, that direct dialing is artificial, that Orange County is. Why, then, do they always call it artificial ice? Perhaps because, of all our spectacles, those staged on ice appear the most unreal.

That frosty world presents two extremes, hockey and ice shows. Hockey is played by toothless, lumpy men with pumpkin faces, their lacerated bodies further deformed by the most hideous uniforms—swollen stockings, robot gloves, droopy, diaperlike pants. Their actions are macho and choppy, any stylishness swallowed up in a mean

jumble of collision and casual pain.

But just as grotesque in a sugar-plum way are ice shows, which are even more make-believe than hockey. They are so lovely and neat that the heavy high boots soon look like Mercury's sandals, the skaters' sweat like champagne drops. The costumes celebrate the human form. To an obscure world the shows bring beauty; to a disorganized one, pattern; to a dowdy one, grace; to an artificial one, the grandest tinsel-plated artificiality.

The bastard child of sport and vaudeville, related by presumption to art, the ice show is an enduring form, but only momentarily gratifying. For once evening we escape and, by God, we follow our best instincts to dreamland. And that's not bad. But when it is over, when the last skater departs through the curtain, there is nothing left except the ice . . . and that is artificial. It is very much like Emmett Kelly sweeping a spotlight under the rug.

Nothing lasting is offered by an ice show, because only illusion is there to start with. An ice show is parasitic. Its performers are taken from athletics; its music from Broadway, Vienna, The Top 40; its comedy and costumes from burlesque and Ziegfeld; its movement from the dance; and its themes from the obvious. The most predictable criticism of ice shows is that they never change. In fact, ice show critics change less than the shows. The skating gets better, the productions more lavish, the staging sharper. But the ice revues never appear to change, because they carefully stay a step behind the real world. So no matter how much the shows advance, they always seem static.

Ice shows have come to ordain the popular nice things in our culture. Something has truly arrived and is certified when an ice show builds a number around it. This year there is the Bicentennial (of course), country music,

Excellent Richard Dwyer has been the Folies' Mr. Debonnaire since he was 14. Now 40, he has outlasted heron of supporting ladies.



Dyn-O-Mite, nostalgia, physical fitness, Busby Berkeley. Safe and sound. You want avant-garde, Buster, you go consort with the Maharishi, with Charles O. Finley, Woody Allen, Eric Sevareid and other far-out radical types. This is Family Entertainment. Ice Follies irritated some fans back in the '60s by updating a little too vigorously with some loud, hard rock. No ice show is going to make that mistake again.

Well, to be fair, there is one aspect of an ice show that has been raised to true art. The exit. Of all those who come and go for a living—actors, salesmen, politicians, thieves, the Gaboes, clergy, athletes, children, dancers—none depart so well as ice show performers. Zipt zap! and they're gone at full speed. Nothing else really belongs to an ice show quite the way leaving does. Exit.

JOHN MARTIN, "THE NEW YORK TIMES" GANCE CRITIC, 1939: *The ubiquitous art of dance has poked its nose into the field of the sport on something more than a mere snooping expedition. There is definitely something of great interest to be developed in the realm of the ice ballet [but] at present its virtues are also its handicaps. The marvelous capacity for effortless speed, for smooth continuity of motion, leads ultimately to monotony.*

KEN SHELLEY, ICE CAPADES, 1975: *The problem we face is basically with the pieces of steel on our boots—we're limited by them.*

In uncertain, hard times, America turns to the ice shows for spangles and solace. They were created in the Depression and they are still glamorous and live—independent of television. Little else surviving in sports or entertainment can make this boast. As many as 10 million paying customers will see ice shows in the U.S. and Canada this year, and largely because of their popularity here and abroad, ice dancing was included for the first time in the 1976 Olympics.

Six ice troupes traverse North America. Three are mounted by Ice Capades and so named. The other three are run by Ice Follies, although two play under the banner of Holiday On Ice. This is because, even though ice shows are essentially the same, in some parts of the country, notably the South, Holiday On Ice



Youngsters at the Capades live here few delusions or goals, seeing their role as mere costume fillers.

has chipped out a bigger name.

This year about as many people will see ice shows as attend pro basketball, hockey or football games. But ice show roots reach much deeper. These are not the hard-core fans with season tickets. One comes as a child, as a parent of a child, as a grandparent of a child. The ice show often marks a person's first visit to an arena. For many it is the most athletic event they ever see. The audience crosses all generations and is 60% women. An argument could be made that Richard Dwyer is woven into the fabric of American life more than Johnny Bench or O. J. Simpson.

The modern extravaganzas sprang from amateur skating carnivals, held in partially covered rinks as early as 1867. The first took place in Montreal. With the advent of artificial ice, theaters began to offer ice acts—in 1915 New York's Hippodrome opened a show starring the world-renowned German skater Charlotte. Many came to see Charlotte's skating, others to inspect her calves, which she was brave and wily enough to reveal.

Moving right along. The one, the only, Sonja Henie. Ten years in a row world's champion, three-time Olympic gold medalist, a legend in her own time. She came to the U.S. in 1936, after her third Olympic triumph, with a \$40,000 guarantee



for eight performances. It was pretty much a one-woman show, or, as they say now, a one-person show. The idea for a traveling ice revue was already forming in the minds of the Shipstad brothers and Oscar Johnson in St. Paul, but Miss Henie's stunning box-office success no doubt gave inspiration a boost.

Many think big-time women's athletics sprang just last week, like Athena full grown from the brow of Zeus. Miss Henie was, in fact, a greater presence in the '30s than the top sports women of recent years—Billie Jean, Chrissie, Peggy Fleming, the good-looking blonde on the golf tour—all of them put together. Hard-bitten sportswriters acclaimed Sonja Henie "the greatest box-office draw in the history of sport," taking care of Ruth and Dempsey and the other idols in one fell swoop. She was able to move back and forth from the top of sports to the top of show biz. In Miss Henie's best year in films, only Shirley Temple and Clark Ga-

continued

ble were bigger draws. She made \$210,729 from movies alone in 1937, more than half again what the president of General Motors found in his pay envelope. By 1940 she had cleared her first million; the Hollywood Ice Revue was her showcase, and it remained in business until 1952. Arthur Wirtz, the Chicago promoter, folded it soon after she quit.

Now Wirtz is chairman of the board of Follies and Janet Lynn is his star—or is supposed to be his star. Suffering from a respiratory disease, she has not performed since late last year. Lynn is touted as the alltime highest-paid woman athlete, having signed for a supposed \$450,000 to appear at 16 of the Ice Follies' 28 stops.

While Miss Henie was in Norway winning world championships, the Shipstads and friend Johnson were busy in the Twin Cities at less spectacular endeavors. Eddie sold typewriters, Roy parked cars and Oscar was a chemist of sorts. On the side, Eddie and Oscar worked up a comedy skating routine and made appearances at carnivals and between periods of hockey games. Roy was more of a classic skater—The Human Top, he called himself—and he created his own uniform by sewing 15,000 spangles onto a pair of long Johns.

In May of 1935 Roy stopped parking cars and, along with the other two, went to Chicago to headline what is known in the trade as a "tank show" at the Hotel Sherman. It ran 16 boffo months on a 20' by 40' rink. There are few hotel tank shows left, but for a time after World War II there was hardly a city in the U.S. that didn't boast a stationary ice bill. The Center Theatre in New York, operated by Arthur Wirtz, ran an ice revue for a full decade, until 1950, and, with 3,500 seats, was often the largest-grossing theater in Manhattan. But Sonja is gone, dead of leukemia six years ago, the tanks have disappeared and hockey players make too much money for teams to afford between-period acts. So, all the business is Capades and Follies.



Jo Jo Starbuck plans to embrace a new life as the wife of Terry Bradshaw.

Their era officially began Nov. 3, 1936, when a chartered Greyhound full of 28 souls left the corner of University and Seelling in St. Paul, Tulsa-bound. Emboldened by their tank-show success, the Shipstads and Johnson were taking to the road. Regrettably, when the little troupe arrived in Oklahoma, it found a polio epidemic and an autumn cold snap so bitter that according to the local paper, "Dr. H. M. Hutchinson, Tulsa weather observer, gave out word that it was too cold for him to go outdoors and read the thermometer."

According to Follies folklore, 14 persons were in attendance for the Nov. 7 opening, and Oscar Johnson pecked out and said, "Don't worry, kids, we've got 'em outnumbered." In fact, the Sunday paper reported that "nearly 2,500 spectators sat about the arena," but even excusing the hyperbole, it was a great line and a rotten start. Follies didn't catch on until several weeks later, when the tour hit Philadelphia, the boo-centennial city. To obtain "heavy miting," as *Variety* calls it, in Philly was true success. Madison Square Garden rushed to book the revue, and soon Hollywood brought out a Follies movie starring (are you ready for this?) Joan Crawford and Jimmy Stewart.

By 1939 arena owners were begging Follies to start up a second show. When the group couldn't be bothered, some arena owners met in Hershey, Pa. on Valentine's Day 1940 and formed their own troupe. John Harris, who owned the

Pittsburgh pro hockey team, was chosen to head the new enterprise, and Walter Brown, later the Boston Celtics' owner, came up with the name of Ice Capades (from escapade, if you're scoring at home). The group hustled up \$44,000 and reckoned the new fad would last maybe five more years.

Today it costs \$1 million or more to mount a new show, so great an investment that each production must be kept going for three years to turn a profit. This year's Ice Follies will be next year's edition of Holiday On Ice National, and the '77-'78 production for the small-town Holiday tour, which is called Holiday On Ice International (*sic*), presumably because it plays such world metropolises as Rock Island, Kalamazoo and Abilene.

Holiday has always scored well overseas. With Dick Burton in his swan song, it dented the Iron Curtain in 1959, when that was still a big deal (Khrushchev was nuts about the show), and its jazzy American style has so appealed to Europeans that a number of their own revues have folded. Overall, the three Capades shows overdraw Follies and Capades is considered a more solid property.

Both shows have a well-earned reputation among employees for parsimony. Capades is a subsidiary of Metromedia, while Follies is a major property of a small Minneapolis outfit known as Medice and is widely known to have suffered "a cash-flow problem." But Follies is proceeding resolutely under a new president, Lyman D. Walters, and is talking of launching new tours to Europe and Central America.

Though the shows are friendly rivals and duplicate products, skaters almost never jump from one show to the other. There has never been an ice show trade, and even in an Olympic year there are no draft picks. Both revues are bidding for Dorothy Hamill.

Though the shows are friendly rivals and duplicate products, skaters almost never jump from one show to the other. There has never been an ice show trade, and even in an Olympic year there are no draft picks. Both revues are bidding for Dorothy Hamill.

WALTER KERR, "NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE," 1956: *I kept thinking of the role and the sweep that had been added to the*

continued

Small Car Myth No.1:

*Foreign models
cost less.*

SMALL SPORTY CARS	BASE PRICE**
Chevrolet Monza Towne Coupe	\$3415†
Chevrolet Monza 2+2	3783†
Pontiac Sunbird 2-Door Coupe	3487†
Oldsmobile Starfire Sport Coupe	3780
Buick Skyhawk "S" 2-Door Hatchback Coupe	3903
Datsun 280Z Sport Coupe	6594 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Toyota Celica ST Sport Coupe	4145
Toyota Celica GT Sport Coupe	4499
VW Scirocco Coupe	4995 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Fiat X1/9 Sport Coupe	4947 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Audi Fox 2-Door Sedan	5100 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
BMW 2002 2-Door Sedan	6570 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Mazda Cosmo Coupe	5800 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Porsche 914 Coupe	7250 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Triumph TR-7 Coupe	5649 <small>plus dealer prep</small>

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There was a time when small foreign cars had the edge on price. No more. The advantage they once enjoyed has been eroded by increased foreign labor costs, stiffer shipping charges, higher inflation, currency devaluation and other factors. So today, instead of showing us up in the price department, they usually come in second best. Take a look at the following charts and you'll see what we mean.

*Chevrolet Chevette Scooter. Manufacturer's suggested retail price, including dealer new-vehicle preparation charge. Tax, license, destination charge and available equipment are additional.

SMALL ECONOMY CARS	BASE PRICE**
Chevrolet Vega Sport Coupe	\$3040†
Pontiac Astre 2-Door Coupe	3120†
Toyota Corona 2-Door Sedan	3699
Datsun 710 2-Door Sedan	3614 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Fiat 131 2-Door Sedan	4286 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Mazda RX-3 Coupe	4049 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
VW Dasher 2-Door Sedan	5195 <small>plus dealer prep</small>
Volvo 242 2-Door Sedan	6295

**Manufacturer's suggested retail price, including dealer new-vehicle preparation charge, except where noted. Tax, license, destination charge and available equipment are additional. †Includes available 2-bbl engine.

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human body by the simple expedient of strapping a couple of blades to the actor's ankles. And I also kept thinking how much less interesting and how much less satisfying all this was than watching the human body do the same thing, or half the same thing, unaided.

PAUL GUZMAN, ICE CAPADES, 1975: *There's always the mixture of art and athletics. Skating is like flying. It's that airy feeling of flying. You get into a spin. You can feel your arms fighting the centrifugal force, and you bring them in, and you know you'll go faster, faster. Skating is a great thing. I've always wanted to make love on the ice.*

An ice show on the move is a collage of people and property frozen in transit. Capades still uses trains to carry its equipment. Most arenas have their own ice-making apparatus, but with its sophisticated equipment Capades can lay down a rink in 12 to 14 hours. Usually a layer is spray-painted to give the ice a soft creamy-white effect. It was said that Sonja Henie sometimes skated on frozen

milk. The average rink is an inch and a half deep, 160' by 65'. It would make 1.5 million ice cubes. Eighty or more people—skaters, stagehands and musicians—travel with a show. There are hundreds of costumes, weighing up to 30 pounds each, and the costumes are, in many respects, more important to an ice show than who is inside them. Fines are levied on Capades skaters for not wearing proper underwear or for trying to put on costume pants standing up. "The rich, gorgeous costumes are absolutely critical," says Bob Turk, director and choreographer of Capades. "You need an illusion, and people especially seem to want glamour. Cher stumbled on that. People tune in to see what she has on, not what she'll sing."

The ice show is a curious subculture. There is a preponderance of women, but they are, for the most part, schoolgirls on a lark. They set the tone for the troupe, not the pace. At the other extreme, there are the backstage crewmen and skating old-timers, notably the comedians; and

in the middle, so to speak, are the younger male skaters. In Capades, many of them are homosexual. "Management likes them," says one skater. "They don't make waves and they take great care of their costumes."

Tryouts are held in every city on the tour, and male skaters, especially tall ones, are always at a premium. In contrast, suburban high school girls come out in groups, dozens of them assembling for auditions. If they make the line, as Capets or Ice Follies, they skate a couple of years, see franchise America—learning how to distinguish with authority between Holiday Inns and Best Westerns, Big Macs and Whoppers—and then, knowledgeable and mature beyond their years, return to school or get married. It is an interlude, not a job, and many of them get extra money from Dad back home. The starting line salary is around \$200 a week, but out of that the skaters must spring for room and board, and most end up doubling, tripling, even "quadding" to save cash. Everybody

continued

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SMALL SPORTY CARS	ENGINE	TRANSMISSION	EPA ESTIMATES HIGHWAY CITY	
Chevrolet Monza 2+2	140-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Chevrolet Monza Towne Coupe	140-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Pontiac Sunbird 2-Door Coupe	140-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Oldsmobile Starfire Sport Coupe	140-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Buick Skyhawk "S" Coupe	231-cu-in V-6 2-bbl	Manual	30	18
Datsun 280Z Sport Coupe	168-cu-in 6-cyl F.I.	Manual	27	16
Toyota Celica ST & GT Sport Coupes	133 6-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	34	20
VW Scirocco Sport Coupe	97-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	39	25
Fiat X1/9 Coupe	767-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	31	21
Audi Fox 2-Door Sedan	97-cu-in 4-cyl F.I.	Manual	37	24
BMW 2002 2-Door Sedan	121-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	25	18
Mazda Cosmo Coupe	80-cu-in Rotary 4-bbl	Manual	29	18
Porsche 914 Coupe	120-cu-in 4-cyl F.I.	Manual	30	20
Triumph TR-7 Coupe	122-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	30	21

Source: 1976 EPA Gas Mileage Guide For New Car Buyers.

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Check the following charts. You'll see that many of our small cars were rated at a very competitive 35 mpg in the EPA highway test, 22 mpg in the city test. Fact is, it isn't only Chevette that got an impressive gas mileage rating. Our other small cars are right up there, too.

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Compare the gas mileage ratings in the charts. Then drive the cars that interest you... ours and theirs. We think you'll prefer GM's.

*CHEVROLET CHEVETTE, 1.4-LITER 4-CYL. 1-BBL. ENGINE, 4-SPEED MANUAL TRANSMISSION, STANDARD REAR AXLE The mileage you get will vary according to the kind of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment.

SMALL ECONOMY CARS	ENGINE	TRANSMISSION	EPA ESTIMATES HIGHWAY CITY	
Chevrolet Vega Sport Coupe	140-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Pontiac Astre 2-Door Coupe	140-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	35	22
Toyota Corona 2-Door Sedan	133 6-cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	34	20
Datsun 710 2-Door Sedan	119 cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	33	23
Fiat 131 2-Door Sedan	107 cu-in 4-cyl 2-bbl	Manual	29	18
Mazda RX3 Coupe	70-cu-in Rotary 4-bbl	Manual	30	19
VW Quattro 2-Door Sedan	97-cu-in 4-cyl F.I.	Manual	37	24
Volk 242 2-Door Sedan	130-cu-in 4-cyl F.I.	Manual	27	17

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calls them "the kids." "In the line, it used to be all old gypsies shooting 10-year pins," says Dick Troxler, the Capades' set-construction boss. The kids are a relatively new development.

Few of the youngsters have illusions about their ability. The healthy intramural competition of a sports team is missing; nobody is pushing anybody, so that performances tend to peak early in a tour. Most of the kids are content to be costume fillers. Few have serious ambitions to become even secondary stars. "I've never felt any jealousy," says Jo Jo Starbuck, the female star of Capades. "You see, it's not like acting, where, say, a girl in the chorus line is thinking, if I had the chance I could do just as well. The kids here know they can't."

Life with an ice show is bland, like being at an extended sorority party. There are initiations: sending newcomers after "the curtain key," telling them, straight-faced, about "ice worms" and "speed grease" for skates. And there are the equivalents of party raids: the girls have

been known to come into the boys' dressing room and tie their robes in knots. The boys retaliate by putting resin on the girls' toilet seats. *Har de har har.*

Skaters are expected to behave like paragons of Middle America. One flat on the Capades' backstage bulletin board, addressed to "John Skate and Ellen Blade," is a prohibition of marijuana: "I think you all know what publicity like this could do to America's No. 1 Family Show." The boys' hair must be cropped fairly short; no mustaches or beards are permitted. Until quite recently, Capets could not wear slacks in public. The costumes are skimpier than ever, but not nearly so revealing as in comparable entertainments ("dry acts," in the ice vernacular) where pretty girls are also an attraction. Capades has stricter rules than many colleges: John Skate and Ellen Blade cannot register together. Because John Harris, the martinet who ran Capades for 25 years, frowned on his skaters' drinking, they began to refer to their favorite bar in each city as "the

church," and, cutesy-poo, many still do.

Thus, although the ice tours play almost year-round, life for the skaters is restricted, even sheltered. The kids' only responsibility is to make the bus and keep their weight within three pounds of an assigned figure.

Billy Chapel, a world-class amateur who has been a Capades star for 10 years, says, "When I was competing, everybody took care of me, of us. Figure skating is an individual sport, but you are never treated as an individual. When I joined the show at 19, I was taken care of here, too. I keep telling myself, don't fall into this trap. I have to get out of here. This is not life, this is not real. I'm 29 years old and it's time I went out and took care of myself."

Chapel is old for the business, really; almost none of the skaters last to 30. To become proficient in such a precise exercise as skating, they had to trade in their childhoods, to awake before dawn, to skate alone on a rented rink before school, to drive their parents to the edge

continued

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Fact:

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RECOMMENDED MAINTENANCE SCHEDULES	SPARK PLUG REPLACEMENT	OIL CHANGE	OIL FILTER CHANGE
CHEVROLET VEGA & MONZA, PONTIAC ASTRE & SUNBIRD, OLDSMOBILE STARFIRE, BUICK SKYHAWK	22,500	7,500	7,500
DATSUN (All)	12,500	6,250	6,250
TOYOTA (All)	12,500	6,500	6,500
FIAT (All)	12,500	6,500	6,500
VW (Rabbit Dasher Scirocco)	15,000	7,500	15,000
MAZDA (Rotary)	12,500	6,250	12,500
AUDI (All)	15,000	7,500	15,000
BMW (2002)	12,500	6,500	6,500
PORSCHE (914)	15,000	5,000	5,000
TRIUMPH (All)	12,500	6,000	6,000
VOLVO (All)	15,000	7,500	7,500

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of bankruptcy. They admit to a certain guilt for what they did to themselves and to their families. At times they despised what they had gotten into, but they had to keep on in order to get some return on the investment, endlessly rehearsing the tedious school figures, suffering the decrees and caprices of the petty tyrants who control the sport.

"Skating is none of the things you think it is," Chapel says. "Out there you don't feel the flow that the audience sees. You're always thinking, I must keep this shoulder up, that hip down. The feeling isn't there of gliding."

Curiously, many skaters talk sourly of what should have been their greatest moments—Olympic and world championships. There was no satisfaction from them, just relief that they were over. The payoff was the show, Capades or Follies. "All our lives we couldn't wait for this," says Jo Jo Starbuck. She has skated with Ken Shelley since both were eight, but while it is only their fourth year on tour, living their dream, they are both looking anxiously to get out, to move at last into a real world.

Jo Jo is a deeply religious person, peaches and cream, always effervescent—one thinks of a word long gone for Jo Jo: dandy. But then, like many other skaters, the instant she puts on bladed boots real beauty is added. Now she is engaged to Terry Bradshaw of the Pittsburgh Steelers.

Shelley, an intense young man, has already proved that he is quite capable of being a star without Jo Jo. But at 24 he seems bored and burned out. "Looking back," he says, "all I ever wanted was to get the competitions over with. But here it's the other way, there's not enough pressure. I wish the show was more challenging athletically."

Ironically, Shelley is a better entertainer than ever. This is typical. As the skater's athletic curve declines, his performing one ascends. "And there's one other thing never to forget," says Phil Roymayne, the great adagio dancer, now a Capades coach. "Fear. Skaters lose their nerve after a while. That's not a solid floor you're jumping on out there. It's ice and it's frosty, and with those blades it's like you're on racehorse legs. You're not embarrassed to fall. *You're scared*. The shame is that the good skaters often end up leaving just when they're beginning to understand what they are doing as performers."

The survivors, the statesmen of the business, are the funny men. Is that true of any other society? Mr. Frick, now 60, has skated with Follies since 1939, only three years after it came into being. The Capades' Freddie Trenkler has been skating nearly as long and has hardly missed a curtain in 20 years, appearing in more than 7,500 performances. The comics, tough, indestructible men, provide the continuity: Hans Leiter, Terry Head, Johnny LaBrecque, Paul Andre. "If Broadway had such good knock-about comedians," Brooks Atkinson once wrote, "it could consider itself lucky."

"To be an ice show comedian," LaBrecque says, "you have to be a creator, choreographer, musical director, costumer and, probably more than anything else, gutsy. We skate hurt. Comedians are the toughest." LaBrecque, from Montreal, was a boxer and first-rate amateur hockey player. Now he captains the Capades' broomball team.

Head, who grew up in England, also was a hockey player. "Hockey is a great training ground for comedy," he says, a statement calculated to be ratified by Washington Capital fans, "because you can't think about your feet. It is not a question of funny skating, you know. It is a question of being funny on the ice, of being a comic personality. The feet must take care of themselves."

The routines rarely change and have the quality of a religious litany. With the passing of the small touring shows and the tank shows, there is no place for an aspirant to ice comedy to learn the craft, and few line skaters in the big shows have a taste for the rough-and-tumble. So the same laughs go on and on. "All the major comics are of an age," Head says. And how old are you? "Well, I'm 43, if you want to know, but Freddie Trenkler told me that an ice show comedian should never reveal his age. We should be ageless."

Apart from the comedians, there is only one Peter Pan in the business. He is Richard Dwyer, the Follies' perennial matinee idol. At 5'9", 160, with mountain-lake-blue eyes, Dwyer is somewhat taller than a twink and almost as heavy as a large gee whiz; on and off the ice he lets a smile be his umbrella. Just turned 40, he has skated the same act since he was 14, when he was selected to fulfill a role for life.

Dwyer was discovered in 1947. Roy

Shipstad, The Human Top, had advanced to become Mr. Debonnaire, making an institution of the swing walk in white tie, top hat and tails. Follies decided that no mere mortal could replace him when he retired. At that time young Dwyer was the third-ranked U.S. skater. Ahead of him were Dick Button and Hayes Alan Jenkins, and amateur skating being the set piece that it is, Dwyer figured that it would probably be 10 years, even 12, before he could reasonably hope to win an Olympic gold medal. So when Follies suggested he succeed Shipstad and grow (up) into the Mr. Debonnaire role, he turned professional and made his adolescence into a take-out order.

Through the years, Dwyer has skated with five regular partners. The incumbent, Susan Berens, is retiring after next year's tour. *The search for Richard Dwyer's next partner is about to begin!* The daughter of his first partner, an older woman of 17 when he skated with her, is an Ice Folliete now. During each show he presents a bouquet to an old lady in the crowd, and thousands of them are graveyard dead by now. The partners grow old, have children, the old ladies die and Richard Dwyer skates on. He has long since eclipsed Button and Jenkins. They have their gold medals, Dwyer his tails. With the exception of Fred Astaire, he is the last man in the land capable of wearing tails with élan.

But Dwyer is not just some front man, some Wayne Newton playing a jock. "I still have a unique style," he says, "one that represents the '50s—more fluid, more glides, a lot more edges. But I challenge myself. I still do a lot of jumps. Maybe I'm getting more cautious every year, but I'm not scared. You have to be the athlete out there first."

Without a Garden date in New York last year, Follies stitched together a tank show at Radio City Music Hall. They hired Peggy Fleming, a free lance, as the big name, and then cannibalized their own show by bringing Dwyer in as leading man. Clive Barnes, the *Times* dance critic, reviewed the show, awarding it a split decision. The celebrated Miss Fleming left him cold (noting her "lack of physical harmony," he said, "As a ballet dancer, she wouldn't, in her present state, be even a starter"), but Barnes was enthralled with Dwyer, "a very considerable artist—a veritable Fred Astaire of the ice."

continued

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SKATING continued

So Richard Dwyer has moved into the realm of the venerable, the only male ice show principal to even remotely approach the exalted stature of Sonja Henie. He has become a vice-president of Follies and manages the show he stars in. He is what most differentiates Follies from Capades. This year, for the first time, Dwyer introduces the show, his initial appearance on skates follows quickly thereafter, and his style and presence are felt even when he isn't on the ice.

In the trade, the conventional wisdom is that Capades is more like Vegas and Follies more like Disney, which is an apt appraisal. Another way to describe the difference is to say that Follies is more ice, Capades more show. Follies always falls back on the skating. Even in the kiddie number, it stuffs more of its top stars into the sweaty Sesame Street costumes—the Cookie Monster does axels and sit spins—while Capades merely assigns line skaters to play Yogi Bear and his pals. Capades offers a clever teenage juggler on skates, Albert Lucas, but Follies never uses a specialty act—too impure. Capades has a clear edge in production numbers and, in a game where books are judged by their covers, the Capades costumes are richer and more original. But then, Follies has the better exits.

RICHARD L. COE, "THE WASHINGTON POST," 1975: *Scorned by the intelligentsia as absurd hybrids, the ice revues are never seriously regarded by the hillboys of culture. Eyebrows are raised and noses go up as soon as interest is evinced in the cheerfully gaudy displays of this union of athletes and show biz. Sure, the concepts are not subtle, they're audacious. Yet, the humor is knockabout, but it's funny, bawdy, not self-righting nor self-pitying. . . . Where has all the glitz gone? Into the ice shows, that's where.*

BOB TURK, CHOREOGRAPHER OF ICE CAPADES AND THE PARIS LIDO, 1975: *SKATING really hasn't gotten very far yet. It's still extremely shallow. The skaters don't form any character in their parts. Instead, a star skater comes to an ice show. At last he has gotten to be champion of the world, and all he's asked to do is to please the audience by doing a few double twists in the air.*

The embracing of ice dancing by the Olympics was a rare endorsement for ice shows from the more legitimate precincts. Generally, ice revues are considered *declassé*—animated greeting cards—by show people, and sissy by

sports people. But as a guileless orphan of culture that grosses more than \$40 million a year at the gate (almost as much as all of Broadway), ice shows do not agonize about not being taken seriously. As they say at the box office, you can call me anything but late for dinner.

Only a bizarre half-breed could survive as an arena attraction. The arena was never meant to serve as a stage. The only other quasitheatrical endeavor that works in the arena is the three-ring circus, which is, in effect, three little theaters of more traditional, manageable size. Even a basketball court often gets telescoped in the cavernous new buildings, the intimacy of the action maintained only by the warm caress of a point spread. *Disney On Parade*, marked as a can't-miss, suffered a lingering arena death; *Peter Pan*, with Cathy Rigby, succumbed quickly (some would say mercifully). Rock shows get by in arenas largely because of the well-known illusory powers of marijuana rather than the acoustics and sight lines.

The ice show succeeds where so much else fails because with those blades the characters can negotiate the vast expanses quickly. It works because it is a freak, the skaters are neither artists nor athletes, they are merely expeditious.

"You have nothing completely," says Bob Turk. "You lose the intensity of the stage because you're open on three sides." His right arm sweeps about a huge building. "Who are you doing it for? For the people down there who can be intimate with the show, up close, or for the ones way up there? You must always be thinking of those far away. And you can see the patterns when you get far enough up—wonderful patterns that you don't realize exist when you're down close—but even then the spectacle lacks symmetry because 160 by 65 is too long and thin. You would never select those dimensions to work with. And the performers, they must be elegant and natural, an unlikely blend to start with, and they must be athletic as well. There's such a strangeness to skating." He shrugs.

So after 40 years it is altogether naive to expect innovations in the ice show. Basically, it will continue to use unschooled performers, trained as athletes, cast as costume fillers, who are applauded by unsophisticated audiences for all the wrong things. But everyone always leaves the show agreeably, the audience happy, the performers in a blaze. **END**



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As I See It

by BILL CHRISTINE

THE MOST MEMORABLE MOMENTS PICKED BY THE FANS ARE MOSTLY UNMEMORABLE

During one of the rare lulls in the 1975 World Series I turned to my neighbor in the Fenway Park press box, Stan Hochman of the *Philadelphia Daily News*, and asked what he thought his city's "most memorable moment" in baseball would be in the city-by-city poll the big leagues were conducting as part of the Bicentennial celebration.

"Sisler" was his immediate answer. Fortunately for the readers of Hochman's column, he does not write with the same economy with which he speaks. But despite the one-word reply, there was no reason to misunderstand him. Hochman was implying that only Phils fan knows that the pennant comes around only every 35 years. He also implied that even people in Pago Pago know that the last time the Phillies won the pennant (which is to say, only the second time they won the pennant), Dick Sisler clinched it with a 10th-inning three-run home run that beat the Dodgers on the final day of the 1950 season. Sisler's homer is not as famous as the one Bobby Thomson hit a year and two days later, but people on the Schuylkill side of the Hudson treasure it just the same.

That is, Hochman thought Philadelphia fans treasured it. But when Commissioner Bowie Kuhn announced the most memorable moments for the 24 major league teams, the most popular event in Phillie history was Jim Bunning's perfect game against the Mets in 1964. One would think that Philadelphia fans would like to put memories of the '64 season right next to the Dead Sea Scrolls. Don't ask Gene Mauch, the Phils' manager that year, for the particulars, but '64 was the season his team led the league by 6½ games with two weeks to play, only to slide down the chute on the last day of the schedule.

Sisler's snub is not the only surprise in the memorable-moment business. In fact, the baseball poll leads this observer to three possible conclusions: 1) few fans over 25 years of age bothered to vote; 2)

the good old days were not that good; or 3) what is memorable for one city is forgettable for another.

None of the 24 winning memorable moments happened before 1938. Reds fans most cherish Johnny Vander Meer's back-to-back no-hitters of that year. After Vander Meer's double, there is a quantum jump to the next oldest moment—Yankee Don Larsen's perfect game in the 1956 World Series. Ten of the clues voted for highlights that have occurred since 1970.

Several cities were more remiss than Philadelphia. For example, Cub fans picked Ernie Banks' 500th career home run in 1970, a milestone that was reached on a damp spring afternoon before an intimate gathering of 5,264 at Wrigley Field. What Chicago school kids need is a good course in baseball lore; then they would surely agree that Banks' blow pales beside Gabby Hartnett's homer in 1938, a drive in the dusk that propelled the Cubs past the Pirates in the final week of a dramatic pennant fight.

And few voters in St. Louis could have been long of tooth. Cardinal fans singled out Lou Brock's 105th stolen base in 1974, the theft that broke Maury Wills' supposedly unapproachable record. Brock's accomplishment was considerable, but in choosing it the good burghers of St. Louis bypassed a caboodle of memories that are more memorable, providing that they knew about them.

Perhaps that's the problem. Since most fans in St. Louis—or anywhere else—are not fanatics who pore through old *Spalding Base Ball Guides*, they would have to be past middle age to remember Grover Cleveland Alexander's storied strikeout of Tony Lazzeri in the seventh game of the 1926 World Series. They would have to be only slightly younger to recall the Gas House Gang, which won the pennant on the last day of the 1934 season, then went seven games to defeat the Tigers in the Series.

Even allowing for a generation gap, it still seems that Cardinal fans should be aware of Enos Slaughter's swashbuckling dash from first base with the winning run in the seventh game of the 1946 World Series or of Bob Gibson's three 1967 Series victories over the Red Sox or of Gibson's 17-strikeout shutout of the Tigers in the '68 Series opener.

But St. Louisans were hardly as misguided as Minnesotans. The Twins must

have been complete bores during their 12-year history, since their fans' most throbbing memory is an early July 1965 home run by Harmon Killebrew that beat the Yankees and kept Minnesota five games in first place. A crucial game this was not. The Yanks, showing the first winks of their Big Sleep, were a sixth-place team most of that year.

The selections of some other cities are indicative of the bathos that has engulfed their franchises. Houston's most memorable moment was not the kniding of Jimmy Wynn by his wife but the opening of the Astrodome. Even if President and Lady Bird Johnson were there, it was still only an exhibition game with the Yankees. Of the expansion teams, Montreal's first game at home was that city's most titillating moment, and San Diego fans put aside a comparable choice to choose Nate Colbert's five homers and 13 RBIs in a road doubleheader. What Milwaukee's 6-year-old American League supporters remember most is the Brewers' first game. Manager Dave Bristol would like to forget it, since his team lost 12-0.

A perfect game is usually a perfect choice, but A's fans should have overlooked Catfish Hunter's perfecto and voted for Gene Tenace's blitz of the Reds in the 1972 World Series. And why did Kansas City fans zero in on the first no-hitter by the Royals' Steve Busby, when his second no-hit game a year later was twice as noteworthy?

Fans in other cities were hit between the eyes with historic moments they could not ignore, possibly because most of them occurred fairly recently. They include the Mets' 1969 crushing of the Orioles, Henry Aaron's 715th home run, Pirate Bill Mazeroski's climactic 1960 Series homer and the White Sox' 1959 pennant, which came after a 40-year wait.

Fans whom the carpetbaggers left behind should not fret. Most memorable moments for teams such as the Brooklyn Dodgers, the New York Giants, the Washington Senators and the St. Louis Browns will be selected by a committee of baseball experts and added to a nationwide ballot that will be used to determine the game's most memorable moment. If Bobby Thomson and his home run don't finish first in that election, then the next voice you'll hear will belong to Russ Hodges, screaming in resurrection about the injustice of it all.

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NOT PLAIN BILL

Sir:

Our deepest thanks for your having told the true story about Bill Veeck (*Back Where I Belong*, March 15).

I am a minor investor in Mr. Veeck's group, an honor and a thrill that is normally reserved for boyhood dreams. There are few men who can enliven, motivate and contribute like Bill Veeck, and we are proud to have him in Chicago and we shall enthusiastically share him with the nation.

He might contend that it is his "last hurrah," but we all feel that there will be a few pennants flying before that occurs, and if not, we will still have lots of fun.

GENE FANNING

Chicago

Sir:

Fascinating wheeler-dealing aside, Veeck's comments concerning Jack Brickhouse intrigued me most. I'm a Chicagoan and a Cub fan—barely able to remember the last pennant—and a devoted sufferer through the Dailies, *Andrews*, *Terwilligers*, *Serenas*, *Jeffcoats*, *Minners*, et al.

I cheered when I learned of Veeck's opportunity to purchase the Sox. It doesn't surprise me even a little to find that "the Brick" came to his aid. A great many people, big and small, are just plain baseball fans, especially in Chicago. Veeck and Chicago—a worthy match.

JOHN A. HILDEBRAND JR.

Dallas

Sir:

Veeck as in "welcome back!"

C. M. WARD

Dolan, N.Y.

MISSING PERSONS

Sir:

Those were great stories about Rosi Mittermaier and Franz Klammer (*Everybody's Run*, March 15) and the joy in their villages over their triumphs at the Winter Olympics.

Now, what does Detroit plan for Sheila Young—America's outstanding champion in linschtrich?

WILLIAM E. W. GOWEN

New York

Sir:

Even after you received all those letters protesting the absence of Dorothy Hamill on the cover during your Olympic coverage, you not only omit her picture from the March 15 issue, but you also report on her victory

at Göteborg in the figure-skating world championship with a microscopic paragraph in *For The Records*.

I feel that you have done the sport a grave injustice by neglecting to cover what was probably Dorothy's amateur finale—and the first U.S. victory in this event since Peggy Fleming's in 1968—while you saw fit to use five pages to report on two foreign Olympians.

EDWARD A. SLAVIN III

Trenton, N.J.

THE SHOE FITS

Sir:

William Leggett's article on Bill Shoemaker's quest for 7,000 winners (6996, 6997, 6998, March 15) was very interesting. I hope the greatest jockey of them all doesn't hang up his tack until he hits 10,000. But please! Don't cheat Johnny Longden out of six winners. "The Pump" had 6,032 victories, not 6,026.

TOMMY NAKAGAWA

Danville, Calif.

• Sorry, Johnny pumped hard but came up with only 6,026.—ED.

Sir:

Olympic heroes will be a dime a dozen, major league baseball and professional football are sure to produce one or two superstars and Jack Nicklaus may win his grand slam, but let's stop all the arguing now. Bill Shoemaker for Sportsman of the Year.

BRADLEY N. TUTTS

Lewisburg, Pa.

BIG RIP-OFF

Sir:

Gerald Stine's attempt to immortalize Eugene Zeek (*The Snag*, March 8) fell markedly short when he let the readers know that Zeek attempted to reenter the U.S. by offering to return the million-dollar rip-off.

The final analysis showed Zeek to have self-exiled himself in his homemade prison. Granted, if one has to pick a prison, Grenada is a good choice, but at the time he obviously had no idea that he was cutting himself off from his sole lifeline—action.

It seems to me that people who live on zotter first and dream of the big killing are sadly disappointed if that lightning in the bottle is ever caught. Zeek is getting his just reward without the law enforcement agencies having to intervene.

JOSEPH LADUCA

Seattle

PATERNAL PATERNO

Sir:

Keith Mano's article (*Say "Cibere," Mom and Pop*, March 15) about Joe Paterno has restored some of my faith in the credibility of football coaches. Two of my sons have basked in the warm overtures of recruiting followed by the harsh realities of indifference and degradation, so it was most reassuring to read about a compassionate coach.

CLINT BUTLER

Lamar, Mo.

Sir:

Mano's article on the one and only Joe Paterno accurately relates the reason for both his successful record and the fine men he turns out.

But please, Mr. Mano, go back and re-search the words to our *About Mater!*

When we stood at boyhood's gate,
Shapeless in the hands of fate,
Thou didst mold us, dear old State . . .

ALEXIA RADZIEWICZ

Somerville, N.J.

• Boyhood officially became childhood last fall to accommodate coeds.—ED.

WORDS TO THE WISE

Sir:

In a world that abounds with rash generalizations, must you allow yet another? I'm referring to the highly prejudiced article on the language of professional athletes by Frank Deford (*BOOKTALK*, March 8). Fagrace there are some athletes who do not do justice to the English tongue. However, is this not the case in any profession? I'm confident that many sportswriters, without the aid of proofreaders and editors, would appear to have the intelligence of first-grade grammar school students.

JOHN BARNHARTZ

Chicago Bears

Dallas

Sir:

Actually, Frank Deford is fighting a losing battle, per se, in his campaign against "you know." At this point in time his arguments are not really viable, really.

Jocks aren't the only offenders. The Watergate hearings contributed a number of offensive phrases, and one of the most admired committee members perpetuated "I feel like" instead of the grammatical "I feel that."

WILLIAM J. DENPSEY

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Games of the
XXI Olympiad
Montreal
1976

Official Olympic Posters

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Full Size: 16" x 23"
Only \$2.00 each

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Just released for collectors in the United States,
Official Posters for the Games of the XXI Olympiad,
Montreal 1976.

Twenty-one spectacular photographic designs
and six dramatic graphic themes, big size 16" x 23"
each, in beautiful original full color on quality paper.

All posters are available at a special pre-game
publishing price of \$2.00 each or 4 for \$6.95 (an
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Note: These big full-color posters are rolled and shipped in crush-proof tubes
to prevent damage.

58379

You are invited to relive the year they invented the United States.

It's 1789. For the first time, we have a Constitution, a Supreme Court, a Cabinet. The Bill of Rights has just passed. The French Revolution has just begun. President Washington is living like a king...

Return with TIME to America the way it really was back when the great experiment called the United States was just beginning. Read about those momentous events... as if TIME had been there to report them.

TIME's new Bicentennial Issue.

Last May, TIME brought out the first of its Bicentennial Special Issues—reporting the week of July 4, 1776. It was an instant sellout and went on to become the most popular issue in TIME's history.

This May, TIME will publish another Bicentennial Special—TIME for the week of Sept. 26, 1789.

That was the year we were putting together a nation. The new Constitution became law. Washington took office as the first President. Our institutions and traditions were being invented from scratch. Just this week (as TIME reports it), Washington appointed his first Cabinet, and the Bill of Rights—guaranteeing the freedoms we've enjoyed for two centuries—was passed.

Is Washington acting like King George?

TIME reports the whole world of 1789 in all its regular departments—Nation, World, Business, Modern Living, Art, Science, Books, People, Medicine, Sports, etc.

There are complaints that the brand-new President is living too royally. (52 dozen bottles of fine wine for a recent dinner!) A lot of people want the capital moved out of New York—maybe to Philadelphia, Annapolis, or even to a swamp beside the Potomac. The country's first road maps have just been published. Another attempt to find a Northwest Passage to the Pacific has just failed.

Whatever happened to Benedict Arnold?

Benedict Arnold has flopped in London and moved to New Brunswick where he's opened an office to handle Caribbean trade. News has arrived of a violent mutiny aboard the H.M.S. *Bounty*. The French—after the sensational storming of the Bastille—may be headed for full-scale revolution. Yankee and New York sea captains are competing fiercely for the China trade. John Paul Jones has quit the Russian navy and is looking for work in Warsaw. Old pamphleteer Tom Paine is peddling an iron bridge in Europe. Noah Webster is hard at work editing a dictionary, establishing new rules for an American language.

How can you get your copy?

TIME for Sept. 26, 1789 is certain to become an immediate collector's item and a sellout at the newsstands.

It will be sent to all active TIME subscribers as part of their regular subscriptions at the time of publication in May. So if your subscription is about to run out, make sure your renewal reaches us before April 30, 1976.

If you aren't a subscriber, call us toll-free before April 30 to enter your subscription and reserve your own copy of TIME's new special issue.

**Phone toll-free 800-621-8200.
In Illinois, 800-972-8302.**

For information on bulk orders for schools and organizations, phone the same number.

Don't miss TIME for Sept. 26, 1789. It's sure to be one of the most entertaining and informative commemorations of the Bicentennial.

Coming...TIME for the week of Sept. 26, 1789.

Legal Notice

Notice With Respect to Settlement of Class Action

A proposed settlement has been negotiated of an antitrust class action against American Honda Motor Company Inc. and Honda, Ltd., pending in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York on behalf of those purchasers of Honda motorcycles during the periods stated below in the states listed who purchased a new motorcycle whose Manufacturer's Statement of Origin (MSO) had been refused to bear a later year designation than that which it originally bore or whose MSO bore a year date later than that previously borne by other motorcycles of the same model:

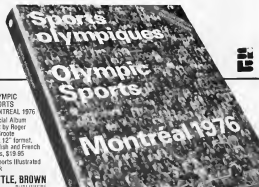
Arkansas (1966-73)	Louisiana (1966-73)	North Carolina (1966-73)
Arizona (1966-73)	Maryland (1966-73)	North Dakota (1966-73)
Colorado (1966-73)	Massachusetts (1972-73)	Ohio (1966-73)
Delaware (1972-73)	Minnesota (1972-73)	Oklahoma (1966-73)
Florida (1966-73)	Mississippi (1969-73)	Rhode Island (1972-73)
Georgia (1966-73)	Missouri (1966-73)	South Carolina (1966-73)
Illinois (1966-73)	New Hampshire (1966-73)	South Dakota (1966-73)
Indiana (1966-73)	New Jersey (1966-73)	Tennessee (1966-73)
Iowa (1966-73)	New Mexico (1966-73)	Texas (1966-73)
Kentucky (1966-73)	New York (1970-73)	Vermont (1971-73)
		Wyoming (1969-73)

* "1973" in each instance means before September 1, 1973.

If you have reason to believe you purchased such a motorcycle or you would like more information about this settlement and procedures for making a claim thereunder send a first class letter referring to the envelope to "Hemley v. American Honda Motor Company, 72 CIV 4127 (RO) (O): postmarked on or before April 15, 1976 to Office of the Clerk, United States District Court, Southern District of New York, P.O. Box 205, Bowling Green Station, New York, N.Y. 10004.

Put yourself in the picture.

In the stands at Montreal or in front of your TV set, you'll enjoy the Olympics more with this official album. It offers a concise history of each event, a digest of rules, a complete list of champions for every Olympic sport, current world records, plus a special section on great U.S. Olympians, and hundreds of action photos—including more than 200 in color.



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SPORTS
MONTREAL 1976

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Text by Roger
de Groot
9" x 12" format,
English and French
texts, \$19.95
A Sports Illustrated
Book

LITTLE, BROWN
PUBLISHERS

15TH HOLE continued

Sir:

In like manner, of course, sports announcers such as Frank Gifford and Howard Cosell talk, of course, very classy—at least, of course, on the air. OF COURSE.

MALCOLM D. CLARKE
South Harpswell, Maine

Sir:

You know, Frank, you're 100% right. But as long as people are allowed to get away with that kind of, you know, stuff, why should they change? That would involve, you know, thinking. I call this affliction Poverty of Thought.

MARY L. LINK
Kenosha, Wis.

FENCING FORCES

Sir:

Sincerest thanks for Martha Smulgin's article on Peter Westbrook (*Quick Thrust to the Fore*, March 8), one of America's finest and most talented saber fencers for this summer's Olympics in Montreal.

I can't help but think, however, that the real focus of the article should have been on Westbrook's coach, Csaba Elthes. Westbrook's feeling that he was initially "intimidated" by Maestro Elthes is shared by many. My first lesson with him was far from enjoyable, and this upset me because I love the sport. Amid taunts, red-faced screams and innumerable slashes at my legs (all off target), Maestro Elthes had me realizing in no time that if I did not fence correctly, with great concentration and with no mistakes, well, I would meet Errol Flynn on that great fencing strip in the sky.

Say what you will, B. F. Skinner, on the merits of positive reinforcement. Maestro Elthes' dosage of negative reinforcement will have a student either fencing superbly or hobbling home in the same frame of mind as the 76ers' Billy Cunningham in your article on pain in the same issue.

NEIL H. GRAY
New York City

Sir:

Thank you for your fine article on Peter Westbrook. You mentioned two other Essex (N.J.) Catholic High School alumni, Marty Liquori and Mark Murto, both track and field stars. It would have been more appropriate to cite Bruce Soriano, who was the NCAA saber champion for three straight years (1970-72) while fencing for NYU's archrival, Columbia. Bruce opted for medical school over the Olympics.

SHLOM GELLEN
Brighton, Mass.

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

In times like these, why are so many people paying a little more to get a Zenith?

The answer is value. Today it's more important than ever. And Zenith value is greater than ever, for a lot of good reasons.

1. Best Picture. The heart of every Zenith color TV is the patented Chromacolor picture tube, with a

level of brightness, contrast, and sharp detail that set a new standard for the TV industry.

It's not surprising, then, that in the latest opinion survey of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was selected again for best picture, more than any other brand.

2. Fewest repairs. In the same nationwide survey, Zenith was selected as needing fewest repairs. By more than two-to-one over the next best brand (38% to 15%). Whether you buy a console or portable, today's Zenith is designed to bring you years of dependable viewing enjoyment.

3. Sharp picture performance year after year from Zenith's Electronic Video Guard Tuner.

With no moving parts to wear out or contacts to corrode, your picture stays sharp far longer than with conventional mechanical tuners.

4. Zoom instant close-up. Another Zenith exclusive. Just press the Zoom button on a Zenith Space Command 1000—and the Zoom picture is 50% larger. While Zoom is available on 19" and 25" diagonal sets, every Zenith Space Command lets you change channels and turn the set on or off from across the room.

5. 100% Solid-State reliability. Every Zenith Chromacolor II has

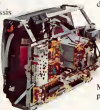
a rugged, 100% solid-state chassis for greater dependability, cooler running, and longer life. Modular chassis design means easier service if needed.

6. Uses less power. Some older sets actually use as much power as it takes to light five 75-watt lightbulbs. But Zenith Chromacolor II uses less power than it takes to light two. That's 64% less power.

7. Protection against power surges. Even small changes in household voltage can hurt picture performance. Larger changes can even damage sets. But every Zenith is protected by the patented Power Sentry system. It guards against power surges you might not even notice.

8. We built it. We back it. The record speaks for itself. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you'd like survey details—write to: Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Ave., Chicago, IL 60639.

Pictured below: The Malaga 25" diagonal Model G4768P and The Seabreeze 13" diagonal Model G3420W. Simulated TV pictures and wood finishes.



ZENITH

100% SOLID STATE
CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.

QUESTION In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one do you say has the best overall picture?

ANSWERS	
Zenith	36%
Brand A	25%
Brand B	17%
Brand C	17%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	2%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	2%
About Equal	11%
Don't Know	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

QUESTION In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

ANSWERS	
Zenith	38%
Brand A	15%
Brand B	8%
Brand C	4%
Brand D	2%
Brand E	2%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	1%
Brand H	1%
Brand I	4%
Other Brands	14%
Don't Know	9%

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 2 mg. "tar," 0.2 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 1976.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar,"
0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

NEW! KENT GOLDEN LIGHTS

LOWEST IN TAR OF ALL THESE LOW TAR BRANDS.



ONLY 8 MG TAR.
YET TASTES SO GOOD, YOU WON'T
BELIEVE THE NUMBERS.